

The Front Page

THE situation disclosed by the plebiscite—a No vote amounting to 37 per cent of the voting electorate, but with Quebec contributing two-thirds of its total—is a less pleasing situation by several degrees than we had hoped for; but it is the precise situation which becomes much easier to deal with in the light of the plebiscite than it would have been without it.

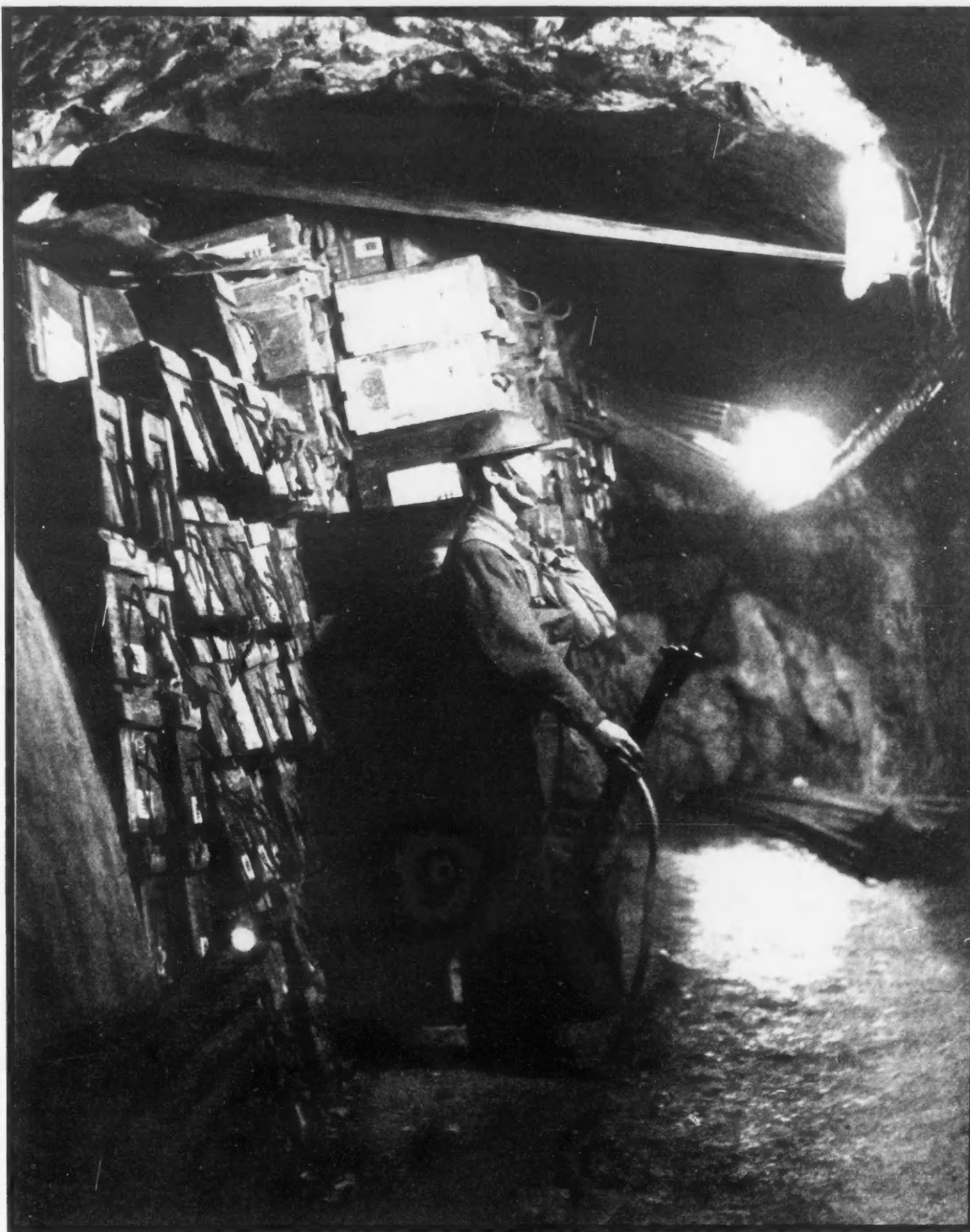
It would be difficult in any circumstances to impose upon any province a kind of conscription of which that province disapproves by a majority of 72 per cent against 28 per cent. But it will be less difficult now that the people of that province know that the people of the rest of Canada are willing, by a majority of more than four to one, to accept that kind of conscription whenever their Government believes it to be in the national interest. Before the plebiscite it was possible for the anti-conscriptionist press in Quebec to maintain that the demand for all-out conscription was the product solely of a group of "Imperialist diehards" in strategic points like Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and that the people of Quebec represented the true but silent opinion of Canadians all over the country. That claim has been demolished. The people of Quebec are faced with the inescapable fact that their view is not the view of the great majority of Canadians—that in all the rest of Canada only one-half as many people voted No as voted Yes in their province alone. Also a surprisingly small percentage abstained from voting.

The question now is not what the people of Quebec think about all-out conscription, but how they will receive the action which the Government must inevitably take, sooner or later, in deference to what the people of the rest of Canada think about it. Deeply as we who voted Yes may regret the fact that so large a majority of the people of Quebec still oppose the idea of overseas conscription, we have no right to criticize them for voting as they did. They were as fully entitled to vote No as we to vote Yes; and Canadians who can understand and sympathize with the position of a highly self-conscious minority will realize that they had some reasons for voting No which do not apply to us. What they are not entitled to do, and what we sincerely believe they will make no effort to do, is to seek to prevent the will of nearly two-thirds of the Canadian people from going into effect.

For there is no doubt now that it is the will of nearly two-thirds of the people. There can be no more talk—there never was much, and it never had much significance—of French Canada uniting with the "New Canadians" to save Canada from the "dead hand" of British Imperialism or the superannuated hand of Mr. Meighen. Canada has spoken in her own name and with her own voice. To that voice French Canada must listen, and will listen, with respect. The plebiscite vote itself is not an evidence of disunity, only of difference. To refuse to accept the plebiscite result would be a sign of disunity indeed.

The True Second Front

DEVELOPMENTS of last week in the aerial warfare against the very inmost parts of Germany, and the psychological results of those developments upon the German people as revealed by Herr Hitler's astounding speech of Sunday, are obviously of the most tremendous importance, revealing as they do that no single square mile of Germany is now sheltered from the vast destructive power of the British and American air arm. But that importance is even further accentuated by an article, written before any such demonstration of the possibilities was available, in the May issue of the *American Mercury*. In this article William B. Ziff, editor and publisher of the magazine *Flying*, argues in effect that the true strategy against Germany is not a Second Front, but a turning operation which will get



GIBRALTAR'S TUNNELS ARE HER STRENGTH . . . SEE PAGE TWO

behind Germany's own front, in accordance with Napoleon's famous maxim: "Never attack in front a position that can be taken by turning." Mr. Ziff argues that air power offers perfect facility for a "turning" operation "that leaps over the Axis land forces and the great stretches of strongly-held territory which old-style strategists would have us storm by direct frontal attack."

This air campaign he conceives not as a mere preliminary action, but as the actual knock-out blow—a continuous scheme of destruction of communication centres, viaducts, shipyards, key factories, oil reservoirs and industrial aggregates, which would

end by making it literally impossible for the enemy to carry on. He is not at all impressed by the argument that the Germans tried this precise operation in the Battle of Britain and failed, for he holds that there the defence was superior to the offensive brought to bear and that the invaders were backward both in equipment and in tactics. They might, he thinks, have succeeded if they could have stood their loss rate for another ten days or so, but they had not the air fleet to do so without leaving themselves nakedly exposed to other possible enemies—the Russians, who would have liked nothing better than to pounce when Germany was weakened.

Japan's Drug War

See Rolfe Williams' article, page 6

An army whose sources of supply are destroyed is no longer an army. Tanks without gasoline are not tanks. The German army would have to lay down its arms before the advancing Russians after any considerable period of general destruction among its factories, depots and communication centres. The point is that the German sources of supply are all open to air attack, whereas a large part of the Allied sources are on the North American continent and cannot be reached by Germany, which has no means of dealing with them except to attempt to sink their products in transit to Britain—the only possible land base for this air offensive. But the airplanes can be largely transported by air and therefore cannot be sunk, and the gasoline can be got through without excessive wastage if the enemy's submarine bases can be raided often enough and hard enough. Mr. Ziff wants the air arm to be given absolute first right of way in the American production program, and he seems to have a good case.

The Red Cross Film

TO BE the sponsor of a film in which Her Majesty the Queen is one of the chief performers is obviously a distinction which cannot fall to many Canadians, but it has fallen to that popular and enterprising industrialist, Col. R. S. McLaughlin of Oshawa, president of General Motors of Canada Limited. Col. McLaughlin is deeply interested in the work of the Canadian Red Cross and early conceived the idea that a short and well dramatized film would be an ideal method of publicizing the enormous war program of the society. The result, after many conferences, was that he undertook to underwrite the production of "There Too Go I," which had a preview in Toronto last week and will soon be seen by millions in nearly all the theatres of the country.

Her Majesty spent long hours under klieg lights for special sequences for this film, and her voice in the sound-track has more even than its usual emotional warmth and richness. The symbolic figure of the Red Cross nurse is played with great delicacy by Anna Neagle, and both she and her director, Herbert Wilcox, stipulated that their work should be a free contribution to the Canadian Red Cross. These and many other able and devoted artists have combined to produce a short documentary of quite exceptional interest and appeal, which will greatly enlarge Canada's knowledge of, and affection for, the Canadian Red Cross.

Voting on Strikes

THE policy of attaching legal validity to the votes of workers in connection with industrial disputes, as if they formed a duly constituted corporation, is doubtless inevitable in the greatly changed state of our society. Unfortunately it has not yet been accompanied by any policy for ensuring that such votes accurately represent the opinion of the voting community; and there is indeed still some doubt in many cases as to the proper size of the constituency in which the vote is to be held—whether it should include workers of one class only, or of the whole industry, or of one establishment or a group of establishments, and so on.

But the need for some official check upon a ballot which may have the effect of throwing thousands of people out of employment becomes more obvious with every passing week. An article by A. B. Farmer of Toronto, a handwriting expert, in the *Fortnightly Law Journal* brings up the astounding case of "the ballots cast for the strike that tied up the Allis-Chalmers plant for 76 days, seriously hamper-

(Continued on Page Three)

FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE

Roosevelt Follows Canada's Lead.....	G. C. Whittaker	5
Consider Hitler's Position!.....	Willson Woodside	8
General Alexander of B.C.....	P. W. Luce	10
"Every Vote Counts".....	Mary Quayle Innis	25
Air Routes to Russia.....	Raymond A. Davies	7
Spring Idyll.....	Edward A. McCourt	13
400 Million Flies in Japan's Ointment.....	Fred S. Cook	15

THE BUSINESS FRONT

What Is Conscription of Wealth?.....	William Weston	26
Our Newest War Industry.....	P. M. Richards	26
How British Insurance Serves in War.....	George Gilbert	30
Britain's Inflation Worries.....	Gilbert C. Layton	31

After you finish reading SATURDAY NIGHT why not mail to a member of the fighting services in Canada or Overseas. Just paste address label over your own—affix 2c stamp up to 44 pages, 3c for a larger issue — and mail. It will be appreciated — immensely.

Like Malta, Gibraltar Depends on Tunnels

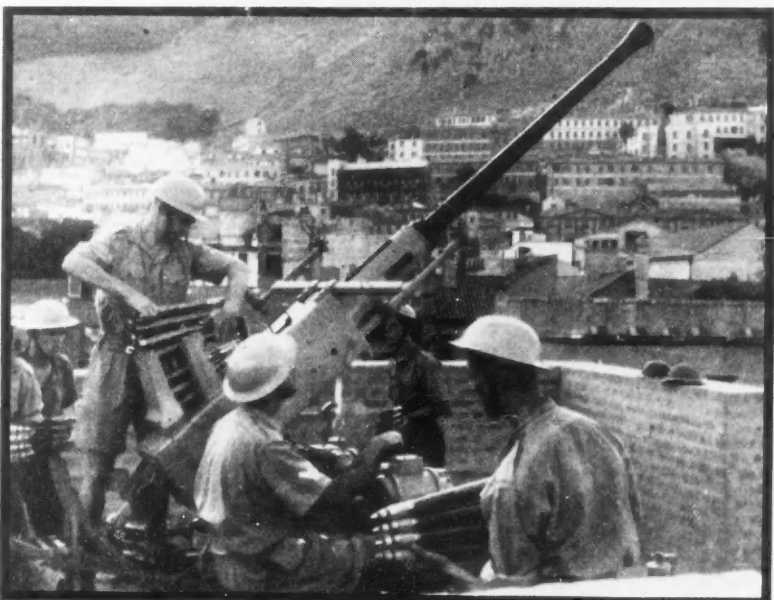
Will Gibraltar be attacked this Spring? If Hitler drives vigorously at the Near East (Suez, etc.), it may well be that he will deem it necessary to take Gibraltar first, to permit union of the German with the Italian and possibly the French fleets in an assault on Britain's Mediterranean naval forces. Hitler's fleet is said to be gathering in northern waters with a view to concerted action, possibly with the French fleet now based on Toulon. Will Gibraltar be able to keep German ships and those of Vichy apart? Impregnable from the sea, could Gibraltar successfully withstand assault from land, as at Singapore? Are her defences, her resources, enough to stand an indefinite siege? Latest details on this point were given to the world in December last when it was divulged that Gibraltar's defences were divided into three zones: the defence area against land attack through Spain, harbor areas with extensive anchorage, dock facilities and seaplane base, the interior of the rock itself. In December the latter was reported to have been developed "fivefold since the war began" in such a way as to make Gibraltar impregnable from land and sea. Like Malta, Gibraltar depends largely on tunnels, of which there are ten miles and in which 20,000 men can live indefinitely. They are honeycombed with gun emplacements, ammunition stores, etc. Big factor in defence, buried searchlights illuminate land, sea or air for eight miles.



In front, Spain's Morocco. Behind, Spain itself. From either, attack?



Some of Gibraltar's defenders: members of the Black Watch, off duty.



Should attack be from the air: one of Gibraltar's many Bofors AA guns.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

A Post-War Credit for Cars Turned In?

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I'M AN average Canadian motorist, with an average car, travel approximately eight thousand miles each year, and use my car for both business and pleasure. I learn from the newspapers that we have a shortage of rubber, gasoline, lubricating oil and various metals.

As a loyal Canadian I ask myself, "Can I dispense with my car for the duration?" After giving this matter serious consideration, I decide that it could be dispensed with but the car would be standing in the garage depreciating without being of use to anyone. If stored in the garage it would not consume gas or oil, but the tires or metal would not be available for the war effort.

For the purpose of really getting behind the war effort and at the same time providing a means for re-establishing Canadian industry after the war, I offer the following suggestions.

We are going to have quite a large number of automobile accidents due to operating cars with mechanical parts and tires in poor condition.

Let the Government offer a generous allowance for all cars, trucks and tractors that the public wish to hand over, in the form of a trade credit coupon good for the purchase of Canadian manufactured goods after the war. The credit to have an equivalent value according to the cost of living, when the credit is accepted and the purchase made.

Just imagine the amount of metals, gasoline and rubber that would be immediately available; the number of accidents that would be avoided; and the immediate market for Canadian manufactured goods after the war.

And last but not least, we would have plenty of spare parts to keep the essential vehicles operating, and no additional money would be placed in circulation that might lead towards inflation.

Edmonton, Alta.

A.B.

Sunday Sport

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

KIMBALL McILROY returns to the advocacy of Sunday sports in your issue of April 18, and closes his rather illogical article with the statement: "As things stand, anything that will contribute to the winning of the war is a good thing—arbitrarily and anything that will detract from the same is a bad thing. Sunday sport is by this definition a good thing and a necessary thing."

How can Sunday sports contribute to the winning of the war? Something more than the mere statement of Mr. McIlroy is necessary to establish its relevance or its validity.

Is it freedom for physical recreation Mr. McIlroy is pleading for? If so, it is not then merely a question of the old 1845 Lord's Day law that must be considered. The newer and more comprehensive Dominion Lord's Day law of 1906 must be given full attention. Taking these two laws into consideration one finds that considerable freedom is allowed for individual recreation on Sundays. The disturbance of the quiet of the community and the introduction of commercialism into sports are the two principles adopted in Canadian Sunday laws to restrict sports on Sundays. It is highly desirable, in the interests of the maintenance of our Canadian Sunday free from unnecessary commercialism, that these principles be safeguarded.

Baseball, as now organized in our Province and Dominion, has the element of recreation largely subordinated to that of commercialized entertainment. Semi-professionalism and the desire to build up a winning team demand special emphasis upon financial support. Only the few who actually play derive any personal exercise from the game. For the great

majority it is a matter of entertainment. Under such conditions where is the physical benefit to war workers any day of the week? How can the introduction of commercialized entertainment of that kind into our Sunday life contribute to the winning of the war?

On the other hand, the spiritual values of life have a very real contribution to make in the building of individual character, and sustained morale in our community and national life. In such a struggle as the present world conflict for freedom to develop the democratic way of life there is increasing need for emphasis upon these deeper spiritual values if we are to build a nation worthy of victory, and capable of facing the intricate problems of the years following this conflict. So we must maintain our Christian institutions for their humane and spiritual values. It is the battle of 1942 with which we are now concerned, and the years ahead.

GEO. G. WEBBER,
General Secretary, Lord's
Day Alliance of Canada.

The Wheat Farmer

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

IN YOUR March 28 issue is an article "The Prairie in April," written, as she states, by a townsman. To the rural reader that is, I think, rather obvious.

The writer told us of an oldish man on, or under, his tractor singing "The Red River Valley." She continues "But the wheat farmer of the West can sing at his work. He is the owner of broad and rich fields. He is his own man." Has the writer, by any chance, noted the price of wheat recently and the yield? Has she ever heard of mortgage companies' loans and machine companies' liens and taxes and other debts that make so many, many farmers feel far from free?

To complete her picture she adds, "And the farmer was totally lacking in interest in my new shiny car because a shiny car holds no interest for a man whose crop may run to 40 or 50 bushels." Such a yield is much in excess of the average prairie yield even if it does escape frost or drought or hail or the other possible disasters.

I feel sure the writer had no intention of giving a misleading impression of prairie wheat farming, but I think it might be termed "rather rosy" to put it very mildly.

Edgerton, Alta. H. ZELLA SPENCER.

The Ajax Club

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

I SHOULD like to point out to that reader who criticizes your statement on the Ajax Club as a "half-truth" that it is by a queer manipulation of mathematics indeed if his statement reaches the quarter mark. The whole truth is, that there was never any cause-and-effect connection whatever established between the instances of naval misconduct on Tobin Street which he cites and the sale of beer at the Ajax Club. They were merely instances of unpleasant things which have happened (often in far more serious form) on plenty of other streets in Halifax since the war began—war after all being what it is, war, not a pie social. Mrs. McEuen, original donor of the Club, made public refutation of these charges, most of them carefully anonymous, at the time they were made. Mr. Carr does not refer to that completely adequate rebuttal.

Certainly the broken beer bottles he does refer to did not come from the Ajax Club, because all empty bottles there were carefully collected by the club management, constituting as they did the club's only source of revenue. And certainly the

"drunken" sailor who turned up at the children's party did not get that way from the strictly rationed quantity of beer he might be allowed at the Ajax Club either. If a drunken sailor turned up at the children's party, that's unfortunate, yes, but is it really *quite* so horrifying a thing when we consider that if it weren't for these brave boys, drunk or sober, a certain little man with a moustache would have been turning up at all our parties long ago. (And they couldn't get rid of him with a petition, like they did our sailors!)

I was especially intrigued by Mr. Carr's final implication that no one wants to live near the place where a sailor may obtain beer. The place for a sailor, evidently, is several hundred miles out at sea, risking his life to keep Canada a place where men like Mr. Carr may be free to publish their opinions about the indecent conduct of sailors. As for the church itself, Mrs. McEuen offered to erect a high fence across the Tobin Street entrance to the club, to defend it from the boys who were defending it, but even the courtesy of discussing the project was denied her.

The whole truth, Mr. Carr, is that there was never an incident at the Ajax Club, or anything resembling one, and that today none of its furnishings is blemished. The whole truth is that the Ajax was simply a club, furnished not in the usual barren décor of the canteen but with a little taste and charm, where these boys who have given their bodies to be a very testing-place for the terrors of cold and water and steel could have their glass of beer in surroundings as decent as the civilian for whom they risk their lives demands. I'm thoroughly sick of this nauseating soup about Mrs. McEuen handing "somebody's boy" a glass of beer—as if it were the first glass of beer he'd ever seen, that he could, or would, get it nowhere else, and that once he downed this evil, if fascinating, potion, he'd turn into a sort of Dr. Jekyll within the hour. Our Navy boys, accustomed to a daily ration of rum provided by the Navy itself, are not such wide-eyed simpletons as all that. Of course it was never a temperance issue at all, really. It was never more than the question of whether the sailor could get his beer at the Ajax Club, or be forced to get it from the bootleggers or sources more unsavory still. sources, incidentally, whose scents operate just as near the church as the Ajax Club did, but against whom, strangely enough, no comparable sentiment is openly voiced.

Bridgetown, N.S. ERNEST BERNARD.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

ing the war effort of numerous other plants. Experts readily showed that more than 2,000 ballots marked for the strike out of some 6,000 were marked by seven people."

This is probably a kind of procedure which will continue, not only until mechanism is devised for checking it, but (since no mechanism can be perfectly effective) until severe penalties are imposed upon those who are guilty of misuse. Promoters of strikes, because of the fact that the law has hitherto refused to concern itself with their operations, have come to regard themselves as entitled to use any method which will suit their purpose, and have justified this attitude to themselves and the public by the argument, not wholly devoid of merit, that pretty drastic methods are also employed by those who are opposed to them, and that you must fight the devil with fire. All this kind of thinking relates to the pioneer age of organized labor and to the nineteenth-century concept of industrial relations. It came outmoded from the moment when the state began to attach legal consequences to the acts of groups of workers. Acts which have legal consequences must be carried out legally. The forging of votes in an industrial balloting whose results are going to be recognized by the state is just as bad as the impersonating of voters in an election for state office, and should be just as severely reprehended by public opinion.

Thinking About Canada

IT IS very doubtful whether there has been as much intellectual activity in Canada about Canada—at any rate in the manifest form of the printed book—in the twenty-five years preceding the outbreak of this war as in the two and a half years since that event. Canadians of both languages are earnestly, and passionately, scanning their past and their present to discern their future—which they now realize cannot be a mere continuation of the past and the present though it must nevertheless arise out of them. A book such as Mr.

INVOCATION TO PERSONAGES WHO MIGHT TEACH US HOW TO ADVANCE OUR WAR EFFORT

THAT Prince of Persia let us here invoke
Who on the enchanted horse with light's
own speed
Flew to his love; since rubber is our need
Can we not for a grimmer purpose yoke
That tireless steed.

With him the crafty weavers we entreat
Who held an Emperor like a bird in thrall,
Not textiles scarce, may their flatteries fall,
As on the Emperor, till, beguiled, we meet
Wearing no clothes at all.

And fair Amina come! who every day
Indifferent to sugar, tea and spice,
Fond, sorceress, for all her need suffice,
Let shipping fail, let cargoes long delay—
Six single grains of rice.

MARY QUAYLE INNIS.

Bruce Hutchison's would have been impossible a few years ago; but how much more so a book like M. Edmond Turcotte's "Reflexions sur l'Avenir des Canadiens Français," which has just appeared in the Editions Bernard Valiquette in Montreal!

Addressed solely to the French-Canadians, this volume is not likely to be translated, and would not be widely read if it were. Yet it contains much that is as valuable to us of the English tongue as to the older Canadians of the French one. We might moreover profit as much by it as they will; for while we are, unfortunately, much less accessible to the appeal to a sense of racial destiny and continuity than they are (and it is this to which the author directs his argument), we are probably also less tenaciously held by tradition and custom.

Most of the book is a protest against traditions and customs which, good and necessary in their day, are now corrupting the French-Canadian world. M. Turcotte wants a better



physique for French Canada, a much better housing, better conditions of maternity, a better dietary, but above all a better education both intellectual, practical and moral. He finds the existing school system grievously deficient in those moral respects which relate to *esprit de corps*, and which he would supply in part by Boy Scout devices and youth hostels, in part by a radical change in school disciplinary methods. He desires the development of an "élite" and evidently fears that the alternative in French Canada is the rise of a Fuehrer. But above all he wants intellectual freedom. Here is a French-Canadian, writing in the purest French-Canadian spirit and in superbly disciplined French prose, and addressing French-Canadians on the reform of their educational system, who can write concerning the educated French-Canadian of the future: "He will assiduously read Rabelais for richness, Montaigne for balance, Voltaire for conciseness, Bossuet for nobility, Racine for purity, and a hundred others from Ronsard to Gide and Valéry, to the end that he may recognize and savor all the methods of an idiom which is the very genius of the race, genius without which the French-speaking man is only the shadow of what it is in his power to be." And there is a chance that French Canada may listen to him, although this is not the kind of language it is accustomed to listening to.

For M. Turcotte sets great store by the influence which will be exerted by the great intellectuals of France who, cast out by the conqueror, are now available to advance the cause of civilization in America. And almost at the same moment there comes from the same publishing house a volume by one of these, the biologist Henri Laugier, who is now on the staff of the Université de Montréal, and whose eloquent tribute to the Riom Court in these columns was so promptly followed by the news that the court would function no further. Its title is "Service de France au Canada," and the very presence of M. Laugier in Canada is a service of the highest importance. It may well be that the France of the Dispersion will render as great service to the world as the France of the Union Sacrée.

We may add that M. Turcotte is a very influential Montreal journalist, who has just returned to the editorship of *Le Canada* after a retirement of five years devoted mainly to literary work.

Mr. Meighen

THE editor of *Le Jour*, M. Jean Charles Harvey, seems to have been considerably disgusted at the use which was made of Mr. Meighen as a sort of bogey-man in the plebiscite campaigning in the province of Quebec, and particularly by the advertisement of the League for the Defence of Canada in which Mr. Meighen's photograph was featured as the symbol of the alleged tyrannies from which a No vote would deliver French Canada. "It is well to recall," says M. Harvey, "that at a time when a part of the Quebec press was loading him with insults, Mr. Meighen sent his

son Ted to Laval University, a 100 per cent French-Canadian institution, where I had more than one occasion to see and speak with him. He was a tall fellow, affable and sympathetic, and I know that we could have been very real friends. His father had suffered from an inadequate knowledge of our language and could have no real contact with our people; he was determined that his son should not suffer from the same disability. The decision to make Ted a perfectly bilingual Canadian was a fine example of breadth of view. . . In the light of facts Mr. Meighen is not the monster that he has been painted by the passions of the electoral conflict. He is an honest Conservative, and while I am myself a Liberal I affirm that he has a right to respect."

The reference to Mr. Meighen's son is interesting. He is a young man with all of his father's earnestness and zeal on public questions, together with a marked gift for making friends, and there are many who hope that at the close of the war he will play an important part in the settlement of the grave questions which will have to be dealt with. If this is to be the case it is highly desirable that he should not be handicapped in an important part of the country by an unjust estimate of his father's career and policies.

L. M. Montgomery

"ANNE of Green Gables" brought instant popularity to Lucy Maud Montgomery. It was a picture of real people in a real place. It was a view of Prince Edward Island, and of the Islanders, seen through glasses slightly tinted with rose, but seen in accurate outline. It was the record of the unfolding loveliness of a young girl's personality. Best of all, it was an unconscious self-portrait of a sensible, sensitive and gracious lady.

The exalted critics of this day and age look down the nose at her work, because it dealt with surfaces, instead of psycho-analytic depths; because it was interesting instead of being a boring essay in abnormal psychology.

But all the things we see in this common life are surfaces, even though life is never superficial. And the dream of beauty which lingers in the background of every normal mind is expressed in surfaces. How else can we account for smiles, and enlightened eyes and pride of gait, and grace of gesture and sweetness of voice? They are indications of the hidden loveliness of the soul.

L. M. Montgomery (in her later name of Mrs. Ewan Macdonald) has passed out of the world, and her mortal frame has gone to mingle with the beloved dust of her Island. Here is the spirit of her work:

"O children of my love,
I keep for you all your childhood dreams, your gladness and delights,
The joy of days in the sun and rain, the sleep of care-free nights;
All the sweet faiths ye have lost, and sought again, shall be your own.
Darlings, come to my empty heart. I am old, and still and alone."

THE PASSING SHOW

BY J. E. M.

TRUE comment from a Toronto Irishman in serious mood: "Ah, if the young fool's grandfather were alive to hear that he'd turn over in his grave."

Professional story-tellers in Japan get 5 cents an hour. The daily communique from Tokio won't strain the Imperial Budget much.

THE INSISTENT STRAIN

Sometimes a tune, or part of one,
Invades our personality,
Comes at the rising of the sun
And stays in our locality.
We shake the furnace to that air
We shave, and eat our porridge to it.
We board a street-car; it is there,
And sticks. Why ever does it do it?

To-day a lilt by Doctor Arne
(The Lass whose Air was Delicate)
Possessed us till we whispered "Darn
Those triplets! Would they might abate!"
And yet they ornament the song.
We love them, once, or twice, or thrice,
But when they ripple all day long
We'd sell them at a bargain price.

We tear our hair, but still they come
Diddle-de di do dum.
In other phrase (if such you know)
Lah-soh-fah me ray doh.

EXAMPLE

The woodpecker prospers by using his head.
Dear reader:—nufsd!

—E. L.

Whenever an eminent statesman begins talking about the gambling menace someone is sure to ask him if he were playing a System.

NODDING POLITELY TO GILBERT

The weed that disfigures my lawn, tra-la
Brings promise of rubber for tires.
So what if it blooms and it spreads, tra-la?
Perhaps it's the hope of my treads, tra-la,
Or my tubes when a casing expires.
So I'll cherish those dandelions thick on my lawn
No longer I'll dig them at evening or dawn.
Tra la la la-ah, tra-la la la la-ah
So God bless the weed on my lawn.

Nick.

ZOOLOGICAL LYRICS

The Stork

The stork runs, as his special mission,
Races with the obstetrician.
And how he's cursed
If he comes in first!

The Hare

When you see an adult hare
Recall one reason why he's there.
He was never
As a leveret.

STUART HEMSLEY.

In a letter from a Canadian boy in England: "Soap is now rationed. As well as having to go hungry and ragged, we now have to be dirty. Swell!"

TO MY WIFE

If, my dear, you wear a scarf upon your head
To warm your ears,
And if, regarding silken hose, choose lisle
Instead
Careless of jeers,
Saying the while "It ought to help defence,"
You're getting old, my dear, or getting sense.

K. VAN.

Names are of no consequence, still, Miss Mildred Grinder is a fine organist in Saskatchewan.

"Mrs. John Doe has just returned from the General Hospital where she had a triple operation." For the next conversation marathon at the Women's Institute Mrs. Doe should be handicapped twenty minutes.

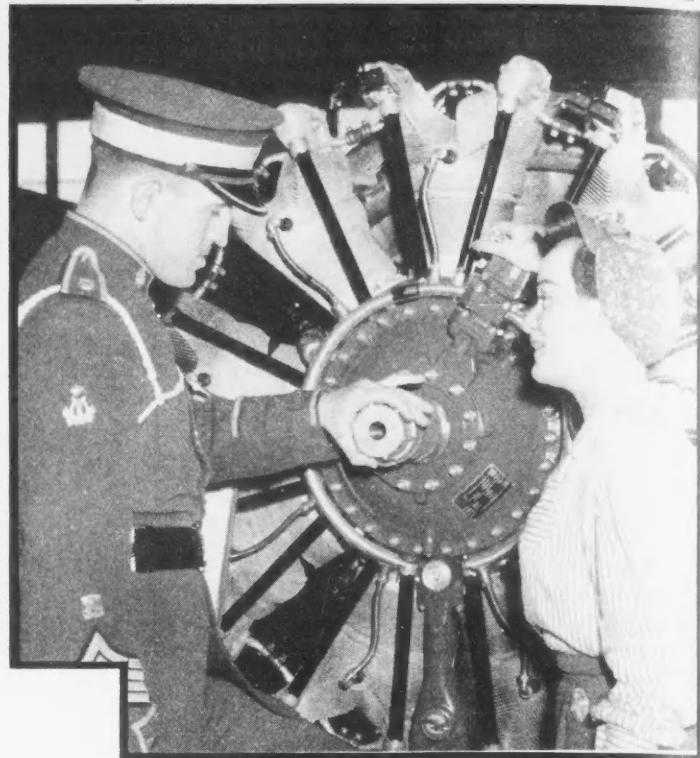
Air Force Band + Aircraft Workers = Harmony



With Drum Major Thompson twirling the baton, RCAF Band arrives for tour of Vickers plant.

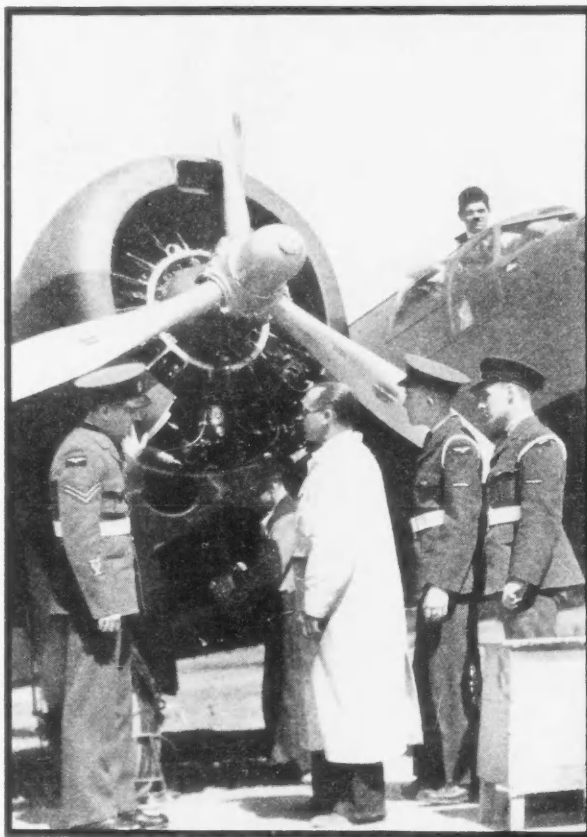


What does this machine do? A smiling girl worker at Canadian Car and Foundry plant explains operations.



At Noorduyn Aircraft plant this pretty work inspector shows visitor what keeps plane up.

BY JOHN WEBB



All ready for its test flight. A Fairchild foreman proudly presents the "finished job".

IN MONTREAL last week Canada's famed Air Force Central Silver Band, acting as goodwill ambassadors for all the men who fly and maintain the Dominion's fighting planes at home and overseas, made a two-day tour to meet, entertain and be entertained by Canadian aircraft workers. Purpose of the tour was to provide an opportunity for the R.C.A.F. to get acquainted with the men and women who make the Force's planes and, by the time the visits ended, there was no doubt that workers and airmen belonged to the same air army and were working for the same cause.

Throughout the tour parades, marches, band music and plant inspections were entirely informal. Hosts at each plant were the workers themselves and there was no attempt to make the visits ceremonial affairs. On arrival the band members debussed, formed up, (casting quick glances around the groups of assembled workers to pick out the most attractive slack-togged girls) and began marching along paved runways, playing the "Air Force March." After two or three numbers the band then broke up, members were introduced to workers, taken to lunch and on factory tours where they saw plane production in action.

During the factory tours there was naturally a lot of fun,—and perhaps the beginning of a romance here and there. The girls fell for the men in blue and the latter were not hesi-

tant about making dates for after hours. But, behind the fun was sincere interest by the airmen in the men and women who keep 'em flying and in the planes that are coming off the production line. Details of construction, skilled work by trained operators and the final assembling of fighting planes, thrilled and fascinated the visitors. "You make 'em and we'll fly 'em," the R.C.A.F. men told the workers and the reply in every plant was the same: "We'll make them as fast and as well as we know how."

On the first day of the tour the band visited the Canadian Vickers plant, Fairchild Aircraft and Pratt and Whitney, concluding with an unscheduled stop at the Dominion Engineering works where war production is under way. That night the band and some thousand workers from Fairchild attended a special theatre night to see the aircraft worker film, "Joe Smith, American." The next day the airmen's bus left Lachine Manning Depot early and proceeded to the Canadian Car and Foundry plant where parts for Hurricanes and Curtis Dive Bombers are made. Then they continued on to the modern plant of Noorduyn Aircraft where the biggest outdoor ceremony of the tour was held. Under a clear blue sky, with newly-made trainer planes and Norsemen zooming and diving overhead, the ceremony was an impressive illustration of the unity between Canadian aircraft workers and the Air Force.



And here another airman, at the Fairchild plant, learns what goes into plane controls.



For a Winnipeg airman, biggest attraction in the aircraft industry was a certain pretty cable forewoman.



"Fancy meeting you here!" One-time pals in Ottawa, airman and worker find reunion at a Longueuil plant.



"During the factory tours there was naturally a lot of fun—perhaps the beginning of romance here and there."

THE OTTAWA LETTER

Roosevelt Accepts Canada's Leadership

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE effect on Canada of President Roosevelt's wartime economic plan is likely to be more than anything else psychological. It should permanently displace Canada's inferiority complex in world affairs. The economic pattern drafted and applied by Canada is being adopted in principle by the foremost nation of the world. Ottawa can credit itself with giving leadership in economic warfare against the Axis.

Ottawa's leadership is established not alone by Washington's adoption of Canada's anti-inflation policy but as well by the refusal of Canadian authorities to pursue Washington into experimental by-paths. The general principles of Canada's anti-inflation system have been accepted at Washington but subsidiary angles have been added there which are repugnant to Ottawa's sense of the fitness of things.

Nevertheless Canada's wartime economy is being importantly influenced by the measures taken at Washington. The urge towards continental economic integration is strong here. Ordinarily Finance Minister Ilsley's annual budget would be ready for submission to Parliament by this time. He has withheld preparation of it pending Washington's policy decisions but Ilsley and his advisors will pick and choose from among Washington's taxation and other proposals.

Canadian business is likely to be subjected to a one hundred per cent excess profits tax but that was coming anyway. Compulsory savings are not presently in the Ottawa picture. Washington's idea of a "withholding" tax a levy corresponding to our defence tax but with the proceeds to be returned to taxpayers after the war is not fancied here.

Entirely in the realm of speculation is Ottawa's reaction to Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for a \$25,000 ceiling on individual incomes during wartime. Ottawa officials do not like this feature of the Roosevelt plan and there is a good chance that it will be ignored in Ilsley's budget, but the political angle in Washington's contemplated crackdown on wartime profiteering can not be disregarded.

Basic features of Mr. Roosevelt's anti-inflation plan have already been established here—price ceilings, wage control. New tax imposts in the United States will encourage Ilsley to go further than he has yet gone in this direction. Higher levies on personal incomes are in prospect.

U.S. Price Control

Of major importance to Canada is the price control feature of the Washington economic plan. This comes as a decided relief to Price Ceiling Czar Donald Gordon and his assistants. They were getting worried about their ability to hold the price lid in place. They will have less to worry about with stoppage of the upward spiraling of prices below the border. The cost of subsidizing essential imports from the United States to fit them under the ceiling will be substantially controlled.

In this connection Ottawa is re-examining the question of the exchange differential as between the two countries. Over recent months Ottawa has recognized the need of doing something about this but there has been a distinct cleavage in the approach of Mr. Ilsley's men. An arrangement between Ottawa and Washington for the equalization of

exchange is favored in some quarters but opposed in others because of the entailed loss on Canadian returns from exports to Britain. Those who are opposed to equalization have been advocating confiscation by the treasury of the premium on Canadian exports to the hard money market and the use of part of the proceeds to defray the cost of subsidizing imports. With a ceiling about to be placed on prices in the United States, Ottawa advocates of exchange parity argue that theirs is the more rational solution of the difficulty. Parity would knock ten per cent off the cost of imports from the U.S., lessen to that extent the Gordon Board's worry about subsidies. Washington's price ceiling plan has strengthened the case for parity. The situation is likely to be clarified in Mr. Ilsley's forthcoming budget statement, the terms of which are now being mapped in the light of the Roosevelt plan.

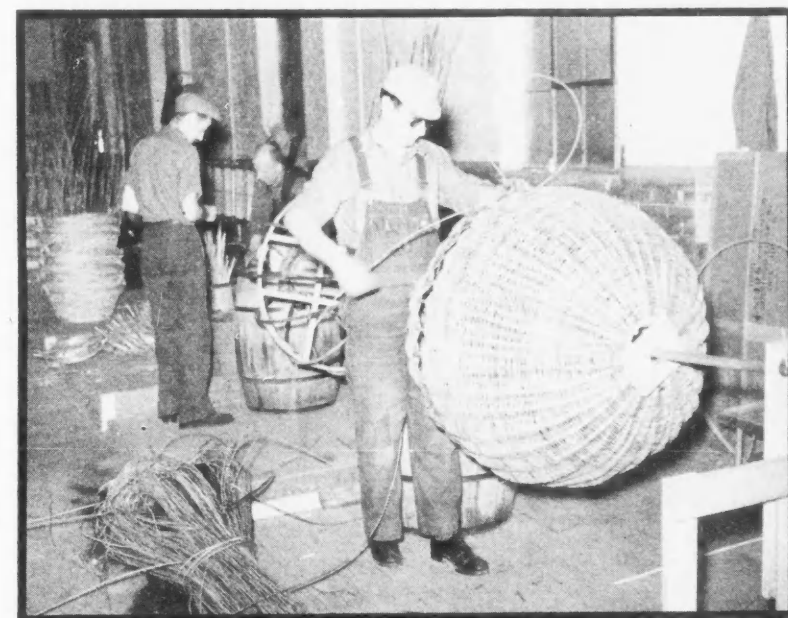
Price control in Canada will also be aided if Congress assents to Mr. Roosevelt's proposal for repeal of the U.S. law permitting the price of farm products to go to 110 per cent of parity with the prices of farmer purchases. Cabinet resistance, on political grounds, to any curbs on prices of agricultural commodities is one of the biggest obstacles in Donald Gordon's path. Ottawa has not formalized its policy in respect of prices of agricultural products to the degree that Washington has but the trend has been towards higher returns for the tillers of the soil. The Gordon Board has aided and abetted Minister of Agriculture Gardiner in this respect. Provision has been made, for example, for price ceiling adjustments to encourage higher prices to primary producers of grains, dairy products, fruits and vegetables. Milk has received three-quarters of subsidy disbursements so far made by Hector McKinnon's Commodity Prices Stabilization Corporation. This course has brought the price ceiling administration to one of its major difficulties. Gordon was prepared some weeks ago to adjust ceiling levels on meats in a manner to make some allowance for rising costs but his plan—that of establishing the meat packers' ceiling at their overall base period highs rather than their highs to individual customers—was contingent upon restrictions on the outflow of Canadian cattle to the uncontrolled U.S. market. That is still Gordon's proposal. As the spokesman for the farmer element, Mr. Gardiner has disallowed restrictions on exports. He favors adjustment of the ceiling on beef to permit higher prices for cattle. Gordon's attitude is that this would undermine the entire price control structure. With Mr. Ilsley's vigorous backing Gordon is likely in the end to have his way. The impasse regarding beef is more between Gordon and Gardiner than between Gordon and the meat packers. With Gordon sticking to his base period ceiling, the disposition of the cabinet is to let the prevailing beef scarcity ride for a time in the hope that the filling of the second-quarter U.S. import quota in April and the advance of the pasture season will produce a remedial effect on prices.

Although Ottawa will make no substantial effort to blot out the differential between United States and Canadian price levels the economic controls of the two countries will be further integrated following Washington's imposition of ceilings. Rationing of consumer commodities in support of price control is an essential feature of the U.S. program and Canada will go along. Here, rationing will extend beyond consumer goods. It is likely to come soon in the case of hydroelectric power. Consumption of power by the newsprint industry, with consequent restriction of newsprint production, will be curtailed in favor of expanded aluminum capacity and new magnesium plants.

Blind Veterans Work for Future



"This time we have the facilities in Canada for training any blinded soldier." Above, sightless veterans of the last war who, associated with the Canadian Institute for the Blind, are using their own experience to aid men who may be blinded in the present struggle. Picture shows an Institute stenographer taking Braille notes as W. C. Dies (standing) reviews plans for training blinded men. With him, left to right: Harvey Lynes, Col. "Eddie" Baker, A. G. Viets and Harris Turner.



Woven by blind basket-makers, huge wicker spheres such as that shown here have proven to be the most satisfactory type of target for air-bombing practice in training gunners of the Royal Canadian Air Force.



Lack of sight doesn't prevent skilled blind workers from doing their share in winning the war. The operator of this milling machine in a war-plant in Ontario is a workman who has been blind for many years.

Use of Glider Trains

BY W. G. MASTERSON

WITH Rangoon lost free China is losing no time in organizing new links with the outside world, just as it did when the Japanese seized the Pacific ports and blockaded the coast. Tens of thousands of laborers are toiling on the remaining sections of new land routes from India, but in order to bridge the inevitable gap till they are completed, the Chinese Government is taking swift steps to establish air transport services for bringing in certain essential war materials.

It is suggested that the answer to the problem of getting supplies to Chungking may prove to be the glider train. The direct route is approximately 1,000 miles, and a train of gliders carrying from 15 to 20 tons of supplies could be towed every night from Calcutta. In this respect China's Soviet advisers would, probably, be able to give invaluable advice for the Russians were the pioneers in glider trains, and, although no details are available, it is stated that they have succeeded in towing a train of no fewer than 21 gliders behind one plane. Such a train would not, of course, be heavily laden, but the feat is a pointer to future possibilities.

The biggest gliders nowadays can carry several tons, and it is interesting to recall that it is just about eight years ago that the Russians made history by flying the first aerial train—three gliders only then—from Moscow to Bataisk, a distance of 800 miles. They believe there is an important future for glider trains in their country with its vast spaces, in providing a cheap form of transport where road communications are comparatively few. They have built gliders to withstand the rigors of the great cold of Siberia, where the trains are likely to be used most. These gliders have their own navigation instruments and radio telephone connection with the towing

plane, and the crews wear electrically heated suits.

Many of the early experiments in Russia took place between Moscow and the Black Sea, since this great steppe country provided ideal terrain over which to fly glider trains. One train was flown from the capital to Kharkov in four and a half hours, and another travelled a thousand miles to the now well known Crimean seaport of Feodosia. The Red Army carried out many spectacular experiments in the Crimea, and sometimes scores of gliders arrived in tow simultaneously. Few countries besides Germany paid attention to these pioneer flights, but the present war has proved the Russian ideas were right.

That there is a valuable commercial future for the glider train is certain, and a prediction has been made that glider trains will be a common sight even in Britain after the war. Such trains have their limitations in war-time because of their vulnerability, but this would not apply normally. The chief drawback is the unavoidable reduction of speed as compared with the ordinary plane. The greater the number of gliders the more powerful the plane needed to tow them, but over long continental routes the expenditure of power will be worth it owing to the quantities of freight carried and the time which will be saved by merely slipping the gliders at their various destinations instead of landing. Then, as the parent machine releases them, the tax on power will be less, and the speed correspondingly more.

Looking even further into the future, it may be possible for an aerial train to be controlled to its various destinations by wireless. This is by no means a fantastic possibility, for already ships and planes can be controlled with ease and accuracy in this way.

Japs Using Drugs to Enslave Conquered Peoples

BY ROLFE WILLIAMS

"PESTILENCE and war are historically associated with each other, but it has been left to the Japanese to find a way of making a pestilence pay for a war," Lieutenant-Commander Fletcher told the House of Commons in 1938. In the years that have passed the Japanese with a cynicism and barbarity which rivals, if it does not surpass that of the Nazis, have vastly improved their technique of raising revenue and enslaving a conquered population by the use of dangerous drugs.

The Japanese fourth arm consists of chemists, merchants and dope peddlars who follow in the wake of in-

vading armies and work in close collaboration with them. Large supplies of opium, morphine and heroin are made available and the very high profits are shared between the merchants, the military and the government. The last two welcome the sale of these drugs on a large scale not only for financial reasons but also because it reduces a large part of the population to abject slavery. For the unfortunate victims there is only one object in life and the Japanese are the only people who can supply it.

For the last forty years all civilized nations, including China, have

Japan has a fourth arm—chemists, dope peddlars and merchants who follow in the wake of invading armies and whose job is the enslavement and exploitation of the conquered peoples by teaching them the use of destructive drugs.

These agents have already spread beyond occupied China to the Philippines, Indo-China and Malaya.

fought desperately to end the dangerous drug traffic. A very great measure of success had been achieved by 1935 and the complete abolition of the traffic was in sight.

This was, perhaps the most useful work ever done by the League of Nations. In India opium was a government monopoly and carefully controlled, the area for the cultivation of the poppy being steadily reduced. In the Straits Settlements and Malay, opium could only be sold in government shops to registered and rationed customers. The registers were closed in 1934, so that the total suppression of opium smoking would be achieved with the death of old addicts in the course of time. Similar measures to stamp out this terrible trade were agreed to by other countries at Geneva in 1925 and Bangkok in 1931.

Japan was a party to all the agreements and conventions, but a reading of the reports and proceedings of the League of Nations Advisory Committee on Traffic in Opium and other Dangerous Drugs shows that Japan gave mere lip service, that while her delegates were signing and agreeing, her government was not merely failing to implement the agreements but actually organizing to increase drug making to a point never before known even in the Far East. In 1937, ninety per cent of the illicit white drugs (opium and its derivatives morphine and heroin) came from Japanese controlled territory. Wherever the Japanese armies have gone in China they have set up drug factories, opened drug shops and encouraged the trade in every way.

The mass of evidence is so large that it is possible to quote only one or two figures, typical of all occupied China. In 1932, the Japanese Government assured the U.S. Government that its policy in Korea was to produce no more opium than was necessary for internal consumption. In that year it doubled the area under poppy cultivation and in 1937, the Korea authorities came out in the open, said they had been shipping 41,000 lbs. of opium to Manchuria every year and proposed to subsidize and exploit the traffic! In Manchuria they planted many thousands of additional acres with poppy and even set up a Commission in Hupeh to extend and encourage poppy growing in Central China. They sent into the country "pacification detachments"—the pacification being achieved by encouraging the production of more opium.

Tientsin Nerve Centre

By 1937, the Japanese concession in Tientsin was the nerve centre of the world's dangerous drug traffic with 200 factories employing 1,800 Japanese experts and 10,000 Chinese workers. One factory employing 342 people was turning out fifteen times the legitimate needs of the whole world! In a statement to the League of Nations, Russel Pasha said "As for the conditions in the dens, words fail when I attempt to describe the revolting and terrible conditions. The dens are dark, the filth is revolting and the scenes ghastly even to a hardened person like myself."

Wherever the Japanese have penetrated in China, they have reproduced the appalling conditions already existing in Manchukuo and their concessions. In every city as they entered, the first order was for the release from prison of the drug traffickers and manufacturers. The Chinese authorities had been increasingly severe on the traffic and the death penalty had been inflicted in some cases. General Chiang Kai-Shek had enjoyed considerable success in his ruthless campaign to free his country from the devastating traffic which had been destroying the minds and bodies of so many. In less than two years after the Japan-

ese entry into Peiping all the anti-drug laws had been rescinded and 500 opium shops opened. Morphine and heroin pills were being sold openly. Schoolboys and girls were being introduced to the habit and many of the poor addicts were spending up to 90 per cent of their wages on opium—most of it going, of course, to the Japanese.

According to a Chinese statement, the Japanese hoped the opium monopoly would bring them in about 1,000,000 a year, compared with about £200,000 under the Chinese government. Since this estimate was made large new areas have been occupied, and the trade considerably increased, so that the Japanese idea that they could pay for the army of occupation through drugs was not usually optimistic. In addition they imported considerable quantities of opium from Persia—in three months alone 460,000 lbs. were ordered—and made huge profits by selling to drug traffickers in the United States.

Scathing Indictment

A scathing indictment of the Japanese for spreading the poison far beyond their own borders was made by the United States representation reported in the League of Nations minutes. "In a period of some fifteen months, 650 kilogrammes of heroin were exported to the United States from the Japanese Concession in Tientsin by a single one of the several gangs operating in this trade. They experienced no difficulty whatever in purchasing in that Concession all the heroin that they desired . . . 650 kilogrammes represents ten million grains. Adulterated to the 10% purity now generally met with in the illicit traffic in the U.S.A. this would amount to one hundred million grains of the adulterated product, enough to supply 10,000 addicts for a year—ten thousand of my countrymen held in a slavery worse than death because those in control in North China fail to meet their obligations . . . while the regime in Manchuria itself manufactures and supplies the raw material."

Japanese dope merchants are already in the Philippines, Indo-China, Malaya.

The Japanese themselves do not take the drugs and soldiers who offend are severely dealt with. Paragraph 15 of a small book distributed to Japanese soldiers reads "The use of narcotics is unworthy of a superior race like the Japanese. Only inferior races that are decadent like the Chinese, the Europeans and the East Indians, are addicted to the use of narcotics. That is why they are destined to become our servants and eventually to disappear."



When tire shortage and gas conservation really "bear down" on the shopping public, the "bundle-buggy" may become a common sight. This handy contrivance, adapted by The Canadian National Institute for the Blind from a Mexican idea of a baby-carriage is a contribution of blind basket-workers in the solving of a minor war problem.

HOW CAN YOUR ADVERTISING HELP WIN THE WAR?

THE BIGGEST "SELLING" JOB IN HISTORY IS WAITING TO BE DONE—

IT NEEDS YOUR HELP!

THIS WAR, like every war, is going to be won by *people*. Armies, factories, governments and civilians . . . they're all just people. People with jobs to do. Jobs that must be done and done well and done quickly if we are going to win this war.

But before people *can* do their jobs, they must know what the jobs are. And before they *will* do their jobs they must be convinced of their importance. "What a man does not understand he opposes." People must be *sold* on the jobs that have to be done.

And the way to sell them is exactly the same as the way to sell automobiles and radios and razor blades—tell people what the product is; convince them that it will satisfy their wants. Everybody wants to win the war. But not every housewife knows that better nutrition in the meals on her table is an important weapon for winning it. She must be told why and how—and the most powerful and effective method ever devised for telling her is advertising.

There are a thousand war jobs that advertising can do, from selling Victory Bonds to nutrition, recruiting to salvage. Advertising can tell people why they must do without this, how they can conserve that. It can persuade them not to hoard. It can explain, convince, inspire!

The job is too big for the Government alone. Already many public-spirited companies are using their advertising generously to sell the war effort.

YOUR advertising, too, can be made to 'do its bit'—can help win the war. Sound thinking is called for . . . initiative . . . purpose . . . determination. Advertising in Canada must go "ON ACTIVE SERVICE"—NOW!

For a fuller discussion of how advertising can help win the war, what is being done by far seeing advertisers, and what still needs to be done, read *Printers' Ink* for April 10th. It's worth studying!

SATURDAY NIGHT PRESS

"A Service for TODAY'S Conditions"

73 RICHMOND ST. W.,

TORONTO

les

Air Routes May Solve Russia's Supply Problem

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

AS THE time for the Axis spring offensive arrives, the Allies face the growingly acute problem of insuring a steady flow of materials to Russia. This flow of materials is essential if Russia is to do her utmost to break Hitler's back in Europe.

Long convoys of steamships are unloading American, British and Canadian supplies for Russia at the northern ports of Archangel and Murmansk, in Bandar Shahpur in Iran, and, despite war in the Pacific, at Vladivostok. Here supplies from America are brought in Soviet freighters.

All of these routes have now become very vulnerable. The one in the north is threatened by the Nazis from Norway. The Tirpitz and other Nazi warships are in the North Sea ready to attempt to sever connections between the United States, Britain and Russia. The route to Iran has been endangered by the Japanese penetration of the Indian Ocean. The route to Vladivostok is temporary at best, and may become useless at Japan's whim.

How then can airplanes and other essential supplies be shipped?

By air. Air transport is a partial answer to the problem.

During the past decade the rapidly developing network of commercial airlines throughout the world has approached the borders of the Soviet Union on at least three sides. In our west, at Alaska, Pan-American airplanes fly to within a few score miles of Russia. Imperial Airlines' planes fly along the southern frontiers of the Soviet Union for a great many miles. The Imperial Airlines establish connection with Soviet lines in Afghanistan and Iran and will soon do so in India and China. And since Russia's entrance into the war, regular contact has been established between Scotland and Archangel, via the North Sea and across the north of Norway and Finland. Meanwhile within Russia, the network of airports became enormously expanded during the past five or six years and regular commercial lines established all across the tremendous extent of that vast country.

Let us examine the existing airline connections with Russia one by one.

First there is the route via Canada and Alaska. As is well known, the chain of airports in Alberta, British Columbia and Alaska is nearly completed. Enough experience has been amassed to operate efficiently even under temperatures of 60 degrees below zero, which often prevail in that part of the world and in northern Siberia. Alaskan pilots and

Air routes to Russia are looming more important. Maritime routes of allied supply to Archangel, to Iran, to Vladivostok are endangered. But transport planes will carry materials from Alaska, from Britain and from Africa.

The Allies are determined that Russia shall receive all possible help, despite everything the Axis can do.

those who have had flying experience in the Canadian Arctic are excellently suited for flying across the Bering Strait into the Soviet Union.

This route can be utilized for speedy delivery of California-built bombers and other planes directly to the Russians. The planes will not travel empty. Since the excellent chain of airports provides possibilities for frequent refuelling, the planes can transport aluminium, dismantled weapons, machine tools, industrial diamonds, etc. When completed the Alaska Highway will be useful as a feed-pipe for truck-borne goods which can then be flown or shipped across the Bering Strait.

In the south another all air or air-sea route exists for passenger and air traffic as well as for the forwarding of large sea and land planes. It runs through Hawaii to Fiji, Australia and India or alternately via Africa to Iran. Airplanes can be delivered to India by air or by ocean transport and then flown via Delhi and Carachi through Kabul to Tashkent in the Uzbek Soviet Republic.

Can Russians Take Over?

These routes lie to the west of the United States. Another route, already in partial use, is that from the American east coast via Trinidad and Natal to Liberia or Sierra Leone and from there across Belgian Congo to Egypt, Iraq and Iran.

A northern Atlantic route can also be utilized. This runs from New York to Newfoundland, Iceland and Archangel, or from Newfoundland to Britain and then to northern Russia.

This covers the routes from the outside world. But are the Russians capable of taking up from here? Have they the airports and equipment to carry on? As far as the technical and mechanical personnel is concerned, we have Lord Beaverbrook's word that they are quite on par with any.

Concerning actually existing Sov-

iet airlines there is very little recent information. For obvious reasons this has been kept in great secrecy since the beginning of the war. Nevertheless enough is known to show that Russian airlines are sufficiently developed to pick up and transport the supplies we deliver.

Visualize a gigantic T whose leg is at least 3,000 miles. The bar is the air-line Archangel-Moscow-Baku. The leg is the airline Moscow-Vladivostok. Both north and south of this leg emanate branch lines covering most of the important Russian cities. All along this vast network lie serviceable airports, some of them large enough to care for 50 to 150 airplanes. Ralph Ingersoll who travelled in Russia last year tells how for days he passed (by train) never less than two fields a day, "around and around and around" which circled planes. He could see them in the air miles away and when he passed them he could count the planes. There would be 50 to 150 in the air or on the ground.

The major Soviet commercial air routes are these:

First, there is the Vladivostok-Moscow line. From Vladivostok another line runs to Petropavlovsk-in-Kam-

ENCHANTED PALACE

OUR dark today, of sombre room. Of dull intrigue, heads bent in sorrow. With scolding voice, with dust and broom. Will all be whisked away tomorrow.

ALAN CREIGHTON.

chatka which is only about 1,500 miles from Bethel in Alaska. From Vladivostok the Moscow-bound plane flies to Biro Bidjan, Rukhlovo, Ulan-Ude, Irkutsk. From Irkutsk it is but 650 miles to Krasnoyarsk. From here to Novosibirsk, an important industrial centre, it is only 350 miles and an equal distance again to Omsk. From there the plane flies to the industrial capital of the Urals, Sverdlovsk, often spoken of last year as "a last ditch" Soviet capital. From there to Kazan is 600 miles. Moscow lies about 500 west of Kazan. In easy stages the route Vladivostok-Moscow can be negotiated in slightly more than 40 hours, and Vladivostok is only a day's flight from Alaska. The whole route is excellently equipped with beacons, emergency airports, repair shops, and can handle the largest planes.

Conditions Like Canada's

In the north of Siberia a commercial airline runs from Anadyr opposite Alaska to Yakutsk and Irkutsk where it connects with the main line. Regular commercial traffic has been maintained here for more than seven years. Flying conditions are similar to those in northern Canada and the Northwest Territories.

Moscow is the centre of airlines running in all directions. For purposes of present usefulness we can discount, of course, those running west and southwest. However a line of great importance is that from Archangel. It passes through Yaroslavl and Vologda. A spur line runs from Archangel to Ust Tsylna and Sykiak.

Regular commercial planes connect Moscow with Rostov and the Caucasus and also with Astrakhan. The line to Baku runs via Voronezh-Stalingrad and Grozny, another vital oil centre.

From Moscow a line runs to Chungking via Kuibishev, Orenburg, Aktubiask and Tashkent to Alma Ata. Alma Ata is also connected with Vladivostok.

Other airlines connect Tashkent in Central Asia with Samarkand and Kabul, capital of Afghanistan and Stalnad near India. Samarkand is connected with Ashkabad on the Iranian border and Gossan Knef on the east shore of the Caspian Sea.

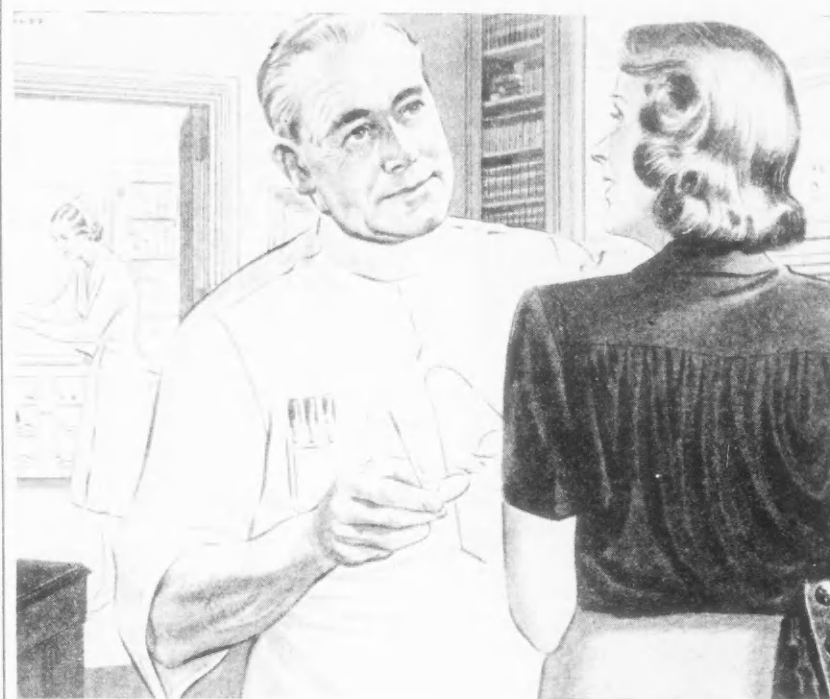
Finally there is the line running from Erivan on the Turkish border to Tiflis, Rostov and Moscow.

There is one other route of ap-

proach to the Soviet Union which has repeatedly figured in the news. This is the line Moscow-Archangel-North-Pole - Aklavik - Edmonton - Vancouver-Seattle or alternately Edmonton-Chicago-New York. It is over this route that on July 12, 1937, the Russian air general Mikhail Gromov flew to the United States covering the distance to Oakland in 62 hours and 17 minutes. Given proper weather reports, this route is among the easiest to negotiate and by far the shortest. It is completely safe from enemy attack. From Aklavik

to Franz Joseph Island in the Arctic Ocean is but 2,000 miles and from there to Archangel only 1,200.

We need not think that these routes are as well serviced as, say, the New York-Chicago line or the New York-Washington route. Nevertheless for the purpose of rapid service all of them are serviceable and can become even more so as need develops. There is no doubt that Canadian and United States commercial aviation will be called upon to the full to aid in the sending of supplies to Russia over most of them.



"No, it isn't Cancer—"

THIS WOMAN WORRIED and worried when she discovered that she had one of the symptoms often associated with cancer. Again and again she asked herself, "Shall I wait and see what happens... or go to the doctor?" Wisely, she chose the latter course.

Now, after thorough examinations and tests, she has just heard the welcome words, "No, it isn't cancer."

How wonderful those words sounded! How thankful she is that she went to her doctor at once! For, even though the symptoms usually associated with cancer do not always mean cancer, they do indicate that something is wrong.

If cancer is present, the earlier it is discovered and properly treated, the greater are the chances for a cure. The chances of curing early cancer of the breast, for example, are almost four times greater than those of curing it in its late stages; in early cancer of the pelvic regions, the chances are eight times better.

That is why anyone with a suspicious cancer symptom should go to the doctor immediately — should never "wait and see what happens." Fortunately, those cancers which give easily recognizable danger signals are usually the ones which can be treated most successfully. Here are some of the danger signals:

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.

3. Any sore that does not heal — particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or colour of a mole or wart.
6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The only positive way to tell whether cancer is present is a microscopic examination. If cancer is present, there are three forms of treatment — surgery, X-rays, radium, or a combination of these. Beware of quack remedies or "cures" for any condition which might be cancer.

Metropolitan will send you a free booklet, "A Message of Hope about Cancer." Use coupon below.

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PRESIDENT

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE
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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet,
S-T-42, "A Message of Hope about Cancer"

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Street _____

City _____

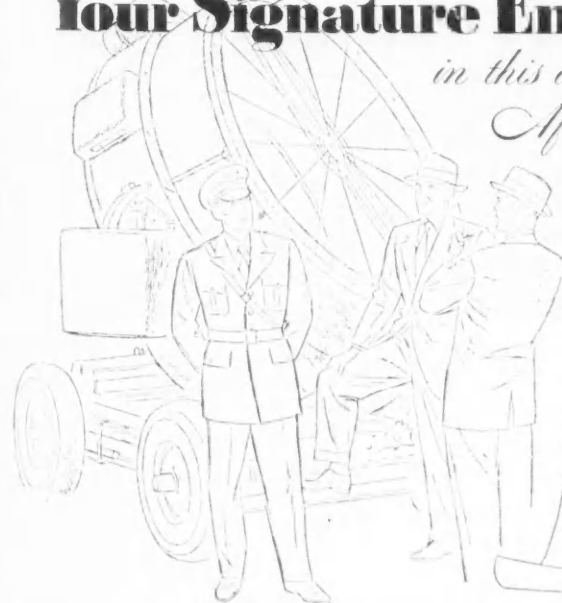
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Sign your name and mail us this advertisement. We'll send a bottle of Aqua Velva, the world's largest selling after-shave.

Cool and brisk, Aqua Velva leaves your face feeling softer,

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problem.



While Russian ski troops are still operating on the Karelian front, the famous hard-riding Cossack cavalry are ready for the Germans in the fast-drying Donetz region and the bone-dry Caucasus. The offensive in the North appears to be on a large scale and to have as its objective the clearing of the lower stretches of the Murmansk-Leningrad Railway, if not the knocking of Finland right out of the war. While the supplies which we are pouring into Murmansk in ever increasing quantities since the adoption of the "Cripps program" early this year have a clear run to Moscow, it would be a great advantage if a direct line could be opened for them in Leningrad. This would aid the present Russian policy, which appears to be to hit hard at the Germans in the north and centre, to hinder them from concentrating in the south. It is also possible, of course, that the Soviets have wind of German plans for a major effort on the Finnish front to pinch off Leningrad, are trying to upset them before they can get under way. Above, Red ski troops before Moscow. Below, Cavalry of General Belov.



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TIDE WATER OIL COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

THE HITLER WAR

Consider Hitler's Position!

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

IT IS possible that Hitler's speech will have been followed by violent action before this reaches the reader. But I will take the chance that if he were ready for action he wouldn't have needed to talk. For, after all, why did Hitler need to say what he did last Sunday?

It can only be understood if one stops to consider carefully his position. His old reputation for infallibility lies shot to pieces in the corner. It cannot be concealed from anyone in Germany that the war is no longer going "according to plan." He has landed the nation into that predicament which it feared above all others: a two-fronted war against powerful opponents. He had always scorned the leaders of Imperial Germany for their "stupidity" in doing this. He has failed to win a decision in the east and now faces the might of America, as well as an unbeaten Britain, in the west. The situation is really worse than it was towards the end of the last war.

The second front, it is true, is still only an aerial front. But the air attack is heavy and on a mounting scale, and is obviously enough the prelude to invasion. The terrific attacks on Lubeck and Rostock and the daylight penetration far in to Augsburg must have made a powerful impression on the German people. For this was another thing that Hitler, and especially Goering, had always promised could never happen to them.

Frightful Casualties

Then there have been the frightful casualties on the Russian front, and hundreds of thousands more young Germans have just been drawn into this awful mill. Hitler has always made a point of the very light casualties which his swift campaigns incurred. The list of these has always featured his speeches; even in summing up the Russian campaign last December he gave out the list of casualties. They totalled three quarters of a million killed, wounded and missing according to his calculation. By March the War Office in Berlin admitted to a Swiss newspaper correspondent that total German casualties in Russia might now be placed at a million and a half.

On April 8 *Red Star* said that German casualties for February and March alone reached the figure of 137,000 killed and 400,000 wounded, taking no account of those frozen to death or suffering amputation from the effects of frostbite. The same day the Berlin Radio made the astounding admission—registered by the CBC's short-wave monitoring service—that "the Soviets have been reserved in their claims this winter, but the British have been making exaggerated reports of them." Apparently casualties have now reached into so many homes that Hitler doesn't dare try a bald-faced falsification; and have attained such a high figure that he doesn't care to give even an approximation of it.

Cut in Rations

Alongside this national tragedy, a cut in food rations, such as the Nazi Government has just introduced, may seem a trivial matter. But food is, after all, fundamental. And this is something which affects everyone—even those who have not yet suffered loss in their immediate family. Certainly a reduction in rations was not what the people had been led to expect nearly three years after the beginning of this war, and two years after its promised end. The reduction is all the harder to take after the pleasant looting of Western Europe in 1940.

On top of this cut in food supply, on top of the losses in Russia, and of the pressure and sacrifice of many years, the German people are now asked to put forth a still greater effort to meet the fresh and fabulous

productive resources of their new opponent, America. That is another thing about which Hitler was always so sure: *he* would never be so foolish, so criminal, as to involve Germany in a fight against "the whole world."

The fear of American air power, of American mechanized power pouring out of the greatest steel mills and automobile factories in the world, of fresh American man-power swarming ashore in France and Belgium adds to that fear on which their leaders have been playing for months past: the fear that as a nation they would be wiped out were the Soviet armies to sweep into Germany and all the conquered peoples get the chance of revenge.

Losing Faith

Would it be surprising if, among a people suffering such pain and disappointment, a good many hadn't begun to show their lack of faith in victory, to slacken down in their work or their discipline, to grumble about those who let them in for it? It would certainly be surprising if there were not. The main purpose of Hitler's speech, the "request" for special powers superseding all law courts allowing him "to demand of everyone the discharge of his duties, or to cashier anyone who has failed in his duty," is clearly intended as a warning to grumblers, slackers, and anyone toying with the idea of opposition.

The significance of the term used by Goering in describing Hitler's new position is *Obersteigerter Herr*, or supreme justice of the Reich, will not escape many Germans. It was used by Hitler himself on a famous occasion, when he was explaining the Blood Purge of June 30, 1934 to the Reichstag. "For 24 hours," he said, "I was the supreme justice of Germany." I was there, and heard him, and the phrase was much quoted afterwards. Under the present circumstances a little blood purging would be a natural enough development in Germany.

Surely only such a mood in Germany could explain the remarkable things which Hitler said last Sunday. The people knew too much about the terrible winter and the appalling casualties in the east for him to try to fool them. They had had letters about it from their sons or husbands, or they had had death notices; and very few soldiers had been allowed home on leave. Therefore Hitler dilated on the difficulties that he had met and overcome, and how he had brought his army through 50 degrees of frost though 25 had defeated the great Napoleon.

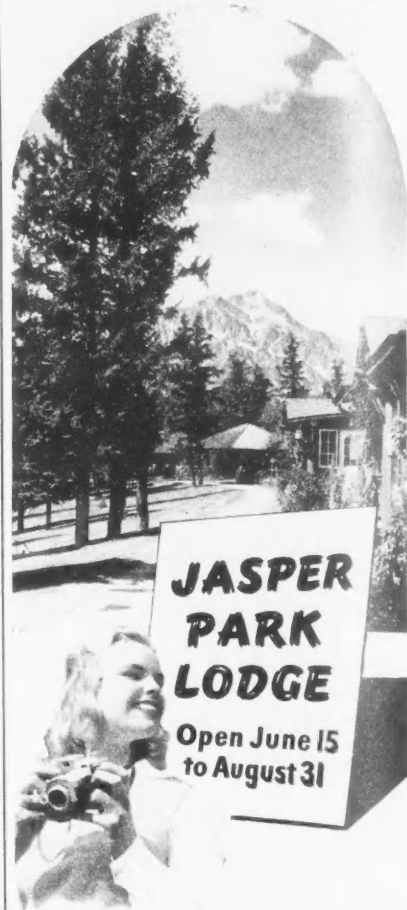
Still Another Winter?

How he could go on from that terrible recital to hold before his people the prospect of still another winter of war in the east, though by that time "the army will be better armed and equipped," is more than I can understand. Only six days before, on Hitler's birthday, Goering had declared that "the Fuehrer says this year will bring final victory." That seems to be the way to handle the German people, and for the past month and more Goebbels has certainly been building up in their minds the hope that one more great spring offensive would settle things.

Putting this together with the two tacit admissions in Hitler's speech that Germany might lose the war—once where he said that whomsoever Britain allied herself with, she would find her allies stronger than herself at the end of the war; and the other where he declared that "if we lose, it would be the end of everything"—one might almost conclude that the German Fuehrer had lost his once supreme confidence in victory. That would be an important development in the war.

And indeed the Bolshevik enemy

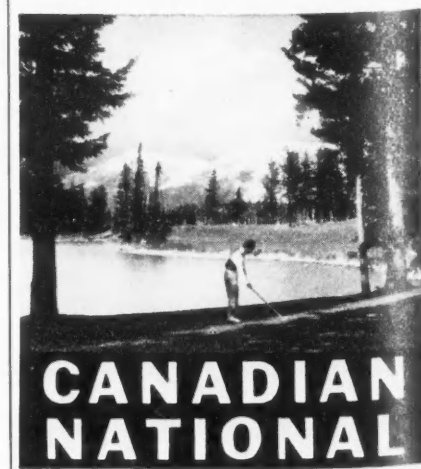
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Other Canadian National resort hotels across Canada offer refreshing, restful vacations—"Minaki Lodge" in Ontario, "Pictou Lodge" in Nova Scotia, "The Charlottetown" in Prince Edward Island.



who last October "lay defeated, and could not rise again," has regained his feet and become a "colossus" which "must be hit until it is destroyed." The British air fleet, about which he confidently declared in September 1940, that "if it dropped two or three tons of bombs, we will unload 150, 180, yes 200 tons," has now outgrown his own air power. "If they attack our cities, we will erase theirs," threatened the Fuehrer in all

confidence on that distant day when the war was still young. "The hour will strike when one of us will break, and it will not be National Socialist Germany."

Now it is the British who are dropping 150, 200, yes 400 and 500 tons of bombs a night and German cities which are being erased. And if Hitler is to turn and "retaliate blow for blow" which is all he can threaten now he will have to stop hitting the colossus of the east, where, he registers, the decision in the war must be sought. This is his dilemma. More, he knows, what is in every German's mind, that the gigantic weight of American air power is still to be felt.

It is no wonder that in such a situation he should return to the political and strategic conception which he quite rightly saw, long ago, was necessary to his victory: a working agreement with Britain, whether it be an actual alliance, or merely British neutrality towards European questions. Walter Lippman believes that the speech was actually intended as another big bid to Britain to turn and leave Europe to mind her empire before it is too late.

A Bid to Britain?

It is hard to believe that Hitler has any real hope of making a deal with Britain at this late date. But, as he has proven throughout his long career, his is a persistent and ingenious nature. He argues that the British balance-of-power policy for Europe has become impracticable with the passing of the dynasty, and the rise of the national state. Britain came out of the last war, "which she thought she had won," with her world position greatly weakened, America having succeeded to her place, and Japan to Germany's.

It is pure folly for Britain to go on "dissipating her strength in defending an impossible European order when all her strength is required to hold together her empire. This new war can only end with catastrophe for the British Empire. Whomsoever England allies herself with, she will see her allies stronger than she is at the end of this war."

The coalition of Britain's arch-capitalists with the Bolsheviks is "unnatural," Hitler wonders if all Englishmen still consider that they did well to refuse his offers of an understanding before the war, of an alliance as late as September 1, 1939, and of peace after the Polish and French campaigns. He continues to attach the real blame for this policy

to Churchill; and it is to be noted that his threatened retaliatory bombing is only to continue until "this criminal falls and his work is smashed to pieces."

The real answer to this flickering hope of Hitler's is Beaverbrook. He was the leading spokesman of the "leave Europe alone and let's tend to the empire" group, the sort of capitalist-imperialist to whom Hitler's offer should have appealed. Yet he led the way in the supplies-for-Russia policy last year, and leads today in calling for a second front to achieve an Anglo-Russian victory this year.

We have had quite a spell of considering the seriousness of our own position, facing a supreme bid for

victory by the Axis Powers, on top of our misfortunes of the winter, before we are fully mobilized, and hampered by long lines of supply and an acute shortage of shipping.

Let us turn for a moment to consider Hitler's position. The air power which was thought to be a sure guarantee of quick victory, but which was insufficient to defeat Britain in 1940 and has almost certainly shrunk since, now has to be stretched over four vital fronts, Russia, Western Europe, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic. The land power which failed to defeat an inexperienced Red Army last year has suffered severe losses and these can only be made good—nay, his armies must be augmented to match the Russian mobili-

zation and the threat of invasion in the west—by drawing men from the factories. His "allies," themselves little better than occupied countries, have no heart in the business, with the exception of Finland whose strength appears to be fading.

"End of Everything"

In these circumstances and under the heavier and heavier pounding of the R.A.F., which within a few days has put out of action one of his big tank and truck factories, Renault, and heavily damaged another big truck factory, Matford, as well as the big Heinkel aircraft factory at Rostock, his chief submarine engine works at Augsburg, and one of his

chief rubber factories at Cologne, how is he to prepare to meet the new power of America?

How can he whip up his people to the confident belief that just one more big effort will win the war? He doesn't even try. That is the outstanding thing about this speech, which he declared was directed mainly at his own people. He warns them instead that he will purge them ruthlessly if they slacken their efforts or attempt to oppose his policy, and that if they lose the war "it will be the end of everything."

It is 1918 again for Germany. Hitler knows it, and he knows that his people know it. But let us remember what we had to withstand in 1918 before the tide turned.



RADIO — GUIDE AND GUARDIAN OF OUR FIGHTING TANKS

Words of command—correctly given, quickly transmitted, clearly heard, can mean the difference between victory and defeat... especially in fast-moving modern battles.

Within the steel walls of a tank, hearing is deafened by the clamouring roar of machinery and guns, vision is confined to the narrow observation slits, sense of touch stifled by the vibrating, lurching motion of the tank. The problem faced by the tank commander in giving his orders to his crew and to the other tanks in his command is one which only science could solve.

Science, radio science has already solved this problem for democracy. Today, at RCA Victor's great Montreal plant, new radio equipments especially designed for use in tanks, are flowing from the assembly lines. They are sensitive, accurate, delicately tuned... yet so ruggedly built that they will perform unfailingly after days and weeks of subjection to a tank's jolting, vibrating, devastating motion. RCA Victor Tank Radio equipment provides not only communication with every member of the tank crew, and with other tanks, but also radio communication with headquarters... One of the many wartime radio devices manufactured by RCA Victor.

Tank Crews Must "Take It" and their radio equipment must be equally tough and dependable

Ten minutes in a tank—even one minute in action—would damage any ordinary radio! So RCA Victor engineers have made radio equipment especially designed to take terrific punishment—to operate dependably in tanks—even when the going is hardest!

At RCA Victor's Montreal plant, RCA Victor Tank radio equipments are tested as they come from the assembly line—shock-treated on special machines to prove their rugged dependability—to assure our fighting tank crews that their RCA Victor Radio equipment will never fail them in the crucial test of battle.

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In England the paper shortage is so severe that records which ordinarily would be retained for many years are being turned over to the Government for the making of strawboard. This will then be made into cases for shells and cartridges. Here are office workers in a vault, collecting record books for salvage.

Commander of Canada's West Coast Defences

BY P. W. LUCE

WHEN Prime Minister Mackenzie King announced the appointment of a supreme commander of Western Canada's coastal defense area he gave a decided fillip to the morale of the Pacific Coast. There has been considerable criticism because this was not done long ago. The people remember what happened at Pearl Harbor, largely because of the imbecile lack of co-ordination among the three forces charged with the defense of the Hawaiian Islands.

Actually, things have not been as bad in British Columbia as they were in America's Pacific outpost. There were not the same jealousies and personal dislikes among the higher-ups, and, so far as outsiders are able to judge, the heads of the Canadian army, navy, and air force in Vancouver and Victoria had been working jointly in harmonious understanding and laying their plans on a basis of mutual assistance when the crisis developed. Perhaps this

would have stood the test, but nevertheless it is generally agreed that the outlook has improved by placing supreme power in the hands of one man.

Major-General Ronald Ockeden Alexander, D.S.O., who is now the most important military figure in Western Canada, has been acclaimed as the right man for the job. He knows his business, and he has been long enough on the coast to have a fair grasp of local conditions. More important still, he is not obsessed with the idea that he knows everything, as is frequently the case with commanding officers who have spent a lifetime in uniform.

In the exercise of his new duties General Alexander will not have command of any individual service but his own, but he will decide and exercise the strategic direction of the army, navy, and air force. There will be no fumbling because of divided responsibility when the emergency arises.

Tall, lean, and bald, General Alexander looks as if he might be a priest in uniform. He is approachable, but not communicative. The younger officers in his command sometimes speak of him as "The Sphinx," but this is hardly an appropriate nickname. He does not talk in riddles, nor is he a monster who destroys those who fail to interpret his hints correctly.

General Alexander can maintain an exasperating silence in the face of bitter criticism of the defense policy of the Pacific Coast. He makes no comments when some highly-placed individual points out—rightly or wrongly—that the disposition of troops is such that the advantage of battle will be all with the invaders when the dark days arrive, and he takes no notice whatever of attacks that appear in the public prints. He just goes ahead and does what he thinks best with the limited material at his disposal.

Has Open Mind

Like most easterners, the new commander-in-chief had a lot to learn about British Columbia when he arrived as senior officer in October, 1940, but fortunately he came with an open mind and he has been absorbing knowledge ever since. He does not exactly welcome advice from the ill-informed, but he will listen patiently to anyone who has worthwhile ideas.

At a recent informal gathering in Victoria, where military rank was not of much consequence, General Alexander spent most of the evening in conversation with a private from one of his own units who happened to be well versed in the topography of Vancouver Island, and who had given the problem of repelling invaders considerable thought.

"That's very, very interesting," were the general's parting words. "Be sure to keep in touch with me. Meanwhile, I'll look into it."

The defense of Vancouver Island is probably one of General Alexander's big worries. If there is a sudden raid on a big scale the difficulties of

Should the Japs attack British Columbia, there will be no fumbling in defence because of divided responsibility. Major-General R. O. Alexander, D.S.O., appointed supreme commander of Western Canada's coastal defence area, will direct and co-ordinate the operations of the military, naval and air forces.

General Alexander says little, listens a lot, has a personality and record which indicate that he is the right man for the job.

evacuating the 77,000 civilians will be tremendous. Boat transportation will be extremely hazardous, but there is no other way of reaching the mainland. With the comparatively few troops at his disposal it's obviously impossible for the commander-in-chief to spread these adequately over 12,400 square miles of territory that includes a rugged coastline with innumerable possible landing places for an enemy force.

Co-ordination with U.S.?

There has been no intimation of what has been done to co-ordinate the Canadian and United States defenses on the mainland. Presumably there have been conferences on the subject among the higher-ups, but these have been strictly confidential. It is obvious, however, that the boundary line must be eliminated in military operations if or when the enemy comes. Certainly the Japanese won't handicap themselves by respecting international conventions, and there must be an united front to oppose them. Whether this united front will be under the command of General Alexander or some United States general has not been revealed.

It is not by his own choice that General Alexander finds himself on the Pacific Coast today. When war broke out he was commanding officer of Military District No. 2, with headquarters in Toronto. He volunteered for overseas, but the high command ruled that he was needed in Canada.

General Alexander has been a soldier for thirty-four years. He was commissioned in the Montreal Victoria Rifles in 1908, and in 1914 went to Bermuda with the Royal Canadian Regiment, later going to France where he was named Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th Battalion after the battle of the Somme.

On his return to Canada he became general staff officer of M.D. No. 4, Montreal, for four years, then went to the Royal Military College as pro-

fessor of tactics for a time, eventually returning to Montreal. From 1928 to 1935 he was stationed at Winnipeg. Before coming to British Columbia he held district command at Saint John, N.B., in Montreal, and in Toronto.

General Alexander has lost his eldest son in this war. Flight Lieutenant J. O. Alexander was shot down during a mass raid on Rotterdam last August and is presumed killed. A younger son is not yet old enough to enlist. A daughter is married to a Canadian officer serving overseas.

The general is probably the only high ranking Canadian officer who was born in Ceylon, where his father was in the civil service at the time.

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Maj.-Gen. R. O. Alexander, D.S.O.

Mr. Executive Don't HESITATE



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Suits and Overcoats should be brushed frequently—Dust in the fabric is not only bad for the appearance—but is apt to wear the cloth very much more quickly.



When using a clothes brush—do so without heavy pressure—or better still—use a tailor's whisk—Suits and Overcoats should be kept on hangers made to follow the natural curve of the shoulders.

Periodic resting of clothes (when made from good cloth) acts like a tonic. Wool fibres have a natural resilience and "life" that tend to bring the fabric back to its original tailor-shaping,—causing wrinkles to disappear and allowing any surface nap to recover after natural wear has pressed it down.

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"I'm fed up with plaintive songs — I want to sing battle songs."

"Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with bluebirds. Tell me there'll be vultures and a deathly silence over Berchtesgaden."

The author of this piece is the copy director of the advertising agency of Lord and Thomas, and is one of the best known of American advertising executives. He conducts a column entitled "After Hours" in *Printers' Ink*, where this piece originally appeared.

It expresses so admirably the feelings of many Canadians as well as Americans that *Saturday Night* asked permission to reprint it.

DON'T get me wrong—I'm just an ordinary guy. I'm not trying to pose as an expert on the moulding of public opinion. I'm not talking big about what I'd do if it was my job to whip up the country on the war effort.

I'm talking as an average citizen. I'm saying, not what I'd like to tell them, but what I'd like to be told. Sober.

Because I'm concerned, and I've been concerned, about my reaction to all that's been happening. Sure, I'm buying bonds. I'm paying taxes. I'm going with less sugar.

But deep down inside, down where it really matters, something hasn't taken place yet that I feel ought to take place. I'm all a welter of confusion there. It keeps me scratching my head and mopping my brow when I know I ought to be clenching my fists.

You understand? It's like this:

I want to be told—not to buy Defence Stamps or Defence Bonds. I want to be told to buy Victory Stamps or War Bonds.

I want to be told—not about the construction of houses in Defence Areas. I want to be told about the construction of houses in War Production Areas.

I want to be told—not to remember Pearl Harbor. I want to be told to take Tokyo, to bomb Berlin, to raze Rome.

I want to be told—not to do my part to keep Nazism or Fascism from these shores. I want to be told to do my part to spread Americanism to all shores.

I want to be told—not to help keep our world and our way of life from

SEASONAL SONG

Two things in winter
I'd sooner be minus—
Slush in the streets
And pains in the sinus.

JOYCE MARSHALL

being lost. I want to be told to help build a new world and a better way of life.

I want a positive program instead of a passive one. I want something to fight for. I'm sick and tired of having only something to fight against. I'm hungry for something to get pepped up about. I'm repelled from having only something to fear. I want something to do—not just to wait for.

It hasn't been so long since the last war that I forget what happened then. I remember the parades and the speeches and the ringing slogans. Then we fought to make the world safe for democracy. We bought Liberty Bonds. We sang that the Yanks were coming.

We set out to avenge Belgium. Not just to remember it. We made a vow that we'd reach Berlin or bust. We toyed with plans to hang the Kaiser. We warned the Hun to "keep your head down, Fritz-boy!" We girded ourselves for a Crusade. We didn't close the doors for a siege.

We hated the Kaiser—we didn't laugh at him. We printed his loathsome physiognomy on toilet paper—to make the most ignominious use of it. We likened his upturned handlebars to the devil's horns—not to any

The Ordinary Guy Speaks His Mind

BY W. J. WEIR

thing so harmless and pathetic as the famous hirsute prop Charlie Chaplin plasters on his upper lip. We saw nothing to be amused about in his vain and pompous posturings—as we do today in Mussolini's puffy strutting. We didn't pin our hopes on the defective eyesight of our enemy.

We planted war gardens. We poured our money into war chests. We had gasless Sundays and yelled "Slacker!" at anyone who dared to venture out in his Winton or Hupmobile or Stearns-Knight. We churned

one pound of butter into two pounds and did it with as much will as if we were turning out ammunition.

We took the offensive psychologically long before we took it physically. And if we hadn't taken it psychologically, we'd never have developed the drive to take it physically. And don't tell me we can't do the same now.

I want to sing that today we control our own destiny, tomorrow the destiny of the whole world. I want

to sail against Germany, against Italy, against Japan. If they can sail against us and our allies, why can't we sail against them?

I want to construct a greater America co-prosperity sphere. I want to correct the mistakes of the Versailles treaty in so far as they allowed all this to happen. I want to win lebensraum for the democratic way of life.

I'm fed up with singing plaintive

songs. I want to sing battle songs. Don't tell me there'll be bluebirds over the white cliffs of Dover. To hell with bluebirds. Tell me there'll be vultures and a deathly silence over Berchtesgaden.

I'm bored with keeping a stiff upper lip—I want to develop a stiff upper-cut. I'm tired of being made to feel sad. I want the experience—the purging marshaling, driving experience—of being made to feel mad. *Fighting mad!*

You get me?

Lines to a mother... every man should know them

IN LYRIC: Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother!

— Jane Taylor

IN ODE: Tender, patient, brave, devoted, this is always
Mother's way.
Could her worth in gold be quoted as you think
of her today?

— Edgar A. Guest

IN SONG: I want a girl
Just like the girl
That married dear old dad!

— Courtesy of
Harry Van Tilzer Music Pub. Co.

IN REFLECTION: All that I am, or hope to be,
I owe to my angel mother.

— A. Lincoln

IN FLOWERS: These flowers will tell you,
Though we're apart,
That forever and always
You're in my heart!

Your son



How to send your mother flowers—by wire:

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WORLD OF SPORT

Odds and Ends

BY KIMBALL McILROY

IT IS reported from apparently reliable sources that the authorities next winter will refuse passports to professional hockey players wishing to join American teams. If true, this is very interesting. This past year, permission to play hockey in the States depended pretty much on where you lived. In certain districts you couldn't, in others nobody gave

a damn. It was very confusing and very silly.

This column has never tried to justify the fact that a certain group of healthy young men prefer to play hockey for a comfortable stipend rather than play soldier for a comparatively uncomfortable one. What this column has objected to was the singling out of hockey players as inferred slackers, as if all other young men were flocking to the colors in coveys and droves. Other young men are not doing this, and the fact that some people play hockey has nothing whatever to do with the question.

If the hockey players are in for another season of unearned notoriety, it is too bad. Certainly it won't help the war effort in any way. But it is quite possible that by the Fall of this year Canada will be in the war, in which case the passport ban won't mean anything anyway. It might be

best for all concerned if the matter was quietly forgotten.

What is going to happen if hockey players can't go to the States any more? What's going to happen to the pro leagues? The answer which comes first to mind is that they'll fold up with a swish of out-going air, like a balloon. Probably they will, but if they do it will be unfortunate. Obviously nothing would please Adolph and the Son of the Moon Goddess (or whoever that dubious ancestor was) more than to see our old and popular institutions folding up one at a time, leaving a mass of citizens with nowhere to go on Saturday nights and a feeling that the enemy is managing to cause us more trouble than the communiques seem to indicate.

It is admitted that the Leafs and Canadiens, as the only two non-American teams in the league, can't very well carry on by themselves. But it is also worth remembering that the only players who would be affected by a passport ban would be those of military age and classification. That leaves quite a few untouched—some of them old as sports ages go, some of them slightly decrepit, some very young. There are enough of them to keep the National League going, perhaps not in the style to which it has become accustomed, but going.

Business as usual just can't be done during a war, but it's for the best to do some business. What if somebody does lose a little money? It might be a good idea to let the bulging walls of those arenas shrink back into shape.

THE Stanley Cup finals recently finished gave rise to an extraordinary amount of suspicious speculation. What everyone wanted to know was how a team which had looked so good for three games could look so bad for four, and vice versa. Especially vice versa. People began looking back through the record books, and discovered that a disproportionate number of series had gone the full seven games. This set them to thinking, and deep thought on the part of the spectators is a very bad thing for professional sport of any kind. It is a pretty good bet that nothing more sinister and underhand than a body check was involved in the series, but people are talking. It might be well if future series were decided a little more promptly. "Judge Landis" is a horrid word, but it's worse on the payroll of your league.

A NEW ruling by Ford Frick of the National League forbids any manager to inform any umpire that the latter is quite unable to differentiate between a ball and a strike, that he is, in fact, as blind as a bat. A fine old baseball custom meets its end here. It is a fact well-known to managers that umpires are truly as blind or blinder than bats, and have poor discretion as well. It has long been a treat to the rabid fan to watch his favorite manager so informing an umpire.

It is difficult to understand why rules like this get inserted into league regulations anyway. It is like the various restrictions on rough play in hockey. Everybody complains about rowdiness in sport. Everybody says they dislike it. They are about as sincere as the new mayor when he says he is going to clean up the city.

The obvious truth of the matter is that one of the principal reasons why people go to sports spectacles of all kinds is to see things happen which aren't in the official program. They like to see someone break his stick over an opposing defenceman's skull. They like to see fists flying along the scrimmage line. They like to see a manager apparently casting bitter aspersions upon the antecedents and upbringing of an umpire.

Of course very few of these sights are what they seem to be. The big wrestler is not really mad at the little one. The trip that broke the left wing's ankle was really an accident. And the surly manager is really asking the ump if he'll make a fourth at bridge in the hotel later.

Mr. Frick is probably just talking. He has to talk occasionally to justify his salary. It is a cinch that nothing he has to say will affect this fine old American custom.

THE U.S. SCENE

Canada's Publicity

BY L. S. B. SHAPIRO

Aboard the C.P.R. "Canadian" en route, London, Ont.

CANADA'S publicity problems in the United States, among the other United Nations and in the Dominion itself are going to be tackled and solved.

This is a pretty brash statement to make and if you ask on what authority I make it, I cheerfully confess: Absolutely none. On this basis the prognostication is highly impertinent, but I am quite willing to make it though the foundation is nothing more than sheer hunch.

The publicity problem will be solved because the people of Canada are of a mind to solve it. For the last five days this reporter has been circulating in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto, and in spite of such distractions as the plebiscite and the R.A.F. offensive in Europe, I found that topic A of any conversation was our publicity problem. It was discussed in trains and over restaurant tables, among government officials and salespersons, by civilians and by soldiers. There is an awareness that the publicity problem is important, that it has been neglected, and that it must be tackled.

Now that awareness has been attained, the solutions will be forthcoming.

Awareness, I think, was always the bottleneck. In the early months of the war there was no real appreciation of the place of propaganda in modern conflict, except of course by the enemy. Germany went into the conflict with its propaganda as well prepared as its army. Among the democracies, propaganda, like war, had an ugly connotation. It was spurious, underhanded, unworthy. We had no organization for using it against the enemy and we were loathe to use it among our own people.

But we soon learned the terrifying power of this weapon. The democracies hurriedly constructed their own propaganda machines for both home and foreign use, and Germany's offensive in the war of words and ideas was finally halted.

We in Canada have been among the last to develop this weapon. There are pertinent reasons for this. We are a conservative people and a virile people. We do not easily sound our brass; and when we move forward to meet an enemy we prefer to do it in a straightforward test of arms. By tradition our trumpets blow a single note of battle. Therefore we didn't bother much about propaganda. Even when the problem began to erupt in the American reaction to Canada's war effort we shrugged our shoulders and placed our trust in the notion that truth would assert itself sooner or later.

When truth didn't assert itself we became restive. When untruth about Canada began to flower we became indignant. This indignation has been simmering a long time now. It is approaching the boil. Well-informed persons in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto have come to be very sensitive about our publicity problem. Judging from the newspapers, western Canada is also acutely aware of the problem.

Something is going to be done about it. When Canadians achieve unity on a proposition, things begin to happen.

AS THE presses begin rolling on this weekly column, the wheels begin rolling under this department. Your reporter is journeying again, and before Mr. Westinghouse's brakes screech under the Pullman and bring the wheels to a substantial stop I will have covered some 9,000 miles of this war-conscious continent. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from the scorched yellow earth of the Mexican border to the crisp lakes of Canada's north country, I plan to make a tour of inspection

and to submit thereon a weekly communique.

During the last eight months the column has been written mostly from London and Washington—London, the fighting capital of the United Nations, and Washington, the nerve centre and planning division of the Allied effort. Now it is time to examine the arsenal which makes possible the functions of both capitals. This arsenal is the sprawling continent which easily embraces the United States and Canada with plenty to spare. It consists of the smoky grey factory cities of Michigan, Ohio and Illinois, the trading fields and ore centres of Arizona and New Mexico, the streamlined aircraft factories shimmering in the California sun, the giant naval bases and shipyards of the Pacific from San Diego and Esquimalt on rugged Vancouver Island. It consists also of the fabulous air training centres spread across the Canadian prairies, and the granary of the United Nations on this same blessed terrain of ours, and the factories and mines of Ontario and Quebec.

THE last time I filled out an almost identical itinerary was in the spring of 1940, roughly a million years ago. The "phony war" was then in progress. Chicago had some idea that a disturbance was ruffling Europe but the city was much more interested in the Black Hawks. Los Angeles was nothing but a suburb of Hollywood—and Hollywood was disgusted with the war because it didn't produce a single good shooting script. The base at San Diego was famous chiefly because Warner Brothers often rented the U.S. Navy for a Dick Powell picture. San Francisco was agog because Joe DiMaggio was holding out for \$40,000. Portland was pretty and dull and its citizens looked curiously upon an easterner who seemed worried about a fellow named Hitler. Victoria and Vancouver were nice places for a vacation.

Now all of these places have the marks of war upon them. Though I have travelled the route before, the journey will be new. Two years have passed and a new world has come into being.

THE column will spend the bulk of its scheduled time on the west coast. There are stories to be written about the Pacific area, some of them perhaps unscheduled. Tokyo has been bombed by land-based planes of the United States. And air warfare is a two-way affair. There are many observers in Washington who look for reprisals somewhere at the Pacific's edge.

The movies, too, have come to know the effects of war. The industry which once specialized in legs for the gentleman and sighs for the ladies is now selling morale and faith and fighting spirit. It is a part of the war and its nerve centre has been moved from L. B. Mayer's office to the propaganda agencies of Washington.

Then there are the Japanese on the west coast, forming a mighty problem in defence and sociology.

I expect to return to Washington bursting with facts, figures, notions and general knowledge. The journey is not a new one for this reporter. I have covered the same territory before, but never when the continent was tense with the pressure of total war.

COMING EVENTS

EVE CURIE, the celebrated world traveller and speaker, who last week returned from India where she witnessed the momentous conference, will lecture in the Town Hall series at Eaton Auditorium, Toronto, on Saturday evening, May 9. This will be one of the few lecture engagements she will make on this continent. She had hoped to have been here earlier but she felt obliged to stay in India for the conference.

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CALGARY WINNIPEG BRANTFORD WINDSOR

Spring Idyll

BY EDWARD A. McCOURT

THE man walked along the gravelled pathway through the field with long strides; the girl in the light-colored dress trotted beside him, her high-heeled shoes making sharp clicking noises on the pebbles.

"Josh, Bill," she said, slipping her arm through his, "it's swell out here, just like you said it was. Only, walking's sorta hard in these shoes. Couldn't we find a bench somewhere and sit down awhile?"

The man nodded. "Sure we can, Jean. But I was figuring that if we went on a piece we'd get right into the woods and maybe find a big log beside the river where we could sit and look at the water and talk. It's great in there. I used to go there every Sunday last spring."

"And who was the girl, Mr. Romeo?"

"I went by myself. You know you're the only girl I've ever met that I'd want to go hikin' in the woods with."

"You mean that, Bill? Honest?"

"Honest."

"You're nice, Bill. And I'm flattered, really I am. But my feet do hurt pretty bad. If we cut straight across the field here I know where there's some benches right near the highway. Sitting on a log I'm liable to get this dress all stained and stains don't come out so easy. Besides, I'll bet the woods are just full of mosquitoes this time of year."

"Well, whatever you say, Jean. But if you took your shoes and stockings off and walked in the grass—"

The girl giggled. "Gee, you're funny, Bill. I haven't been in my bare feet since I was about ten. It would look so silly if anybody saw us. And besides, just because we're hiking is no reason why I shouldn't look smart. I mean, so many girls seem to think that when they're out in the country they can look just any old way. You don't want me to be like that, Bill. It's sort of common don't you think?"

"Well, O.K., Jean." They moved across the field in the direction of the highway. "Maybe after you get your feet rested we can go back. I know a grand place for lilies-of-the-valley. I'd like to pick you some. They've got a swell perfume."

"A fellow I know gave me some Chanel number five Christmas before last," said the girl dreamily. "I still got some of it."

THE man offered no comment. The girl was silent until they reached a bench which stood at the edge of a small park fronting the highway. Then she clapped her hands. "Why, go on, Bill! I remember this place! I was here last summer with a fellow. There's the grandest place over on the other side of the park! We used the curb service when we were here—he's got a car, a Chev roadster. But they've got a place too, all covered but with no sides—you know what I mean—where you can eat hot dogs. Bill, I'm hungry! It's the excuse I guess."

They went to the pavilion and ate hot dogs and drank cocoa-cola through long straws. After her third hot dog the girl sat back and sighed happily. "Gee, Bill, there's nothing like the country. Really there isn't. Sort of makes you sick of the city. All this, I mean."

The man said nothing.

"Too bad there isn't a place where we could have supper and dance afterwards," the girl continued. "The fellow I went with last summer—the one who has the Chev—knew a swell place about twenty miles out you know, one of those little places where you put a nickel in the juke and dance. But there's nothing like that around here Sundays. Too near the city."

"That's too bad. Well, Jean, what say we wander down the river a piece? We won't go far. There's a nice place about half a mile down."

"But Bill, are you forgetting my

feet? Honest, I think there must be a blister on my big toe!"

"I'm sorry, Jean," he said. "I guess I should have remembered. Have another coke?"

"Goodness no, Bill. I feel fine now."

SUDDENLY the girl clapped her hands again. It was a trick of hers when excited. "Oh, Bill, I've got the swellest idea!"

"What?"

"Look, Sally's folks are out of town for the weekend and Sally isn't doing a thing! Let's go back and buy some hamburgers and things at the drug store and go over there for supper. Sally can ask Bob or Chris or somebody in and we'll have fun! We can roll up the rug and dance. Sally's folks have the swellest radio!"

"What about your feet, Jean?"

"Oh, they'll be all right. It's only walking over rough ground that hurts them. And besides, we can catch a

bus here. Come on, big boy! I'll phone Sally now."

"O.K., Jean, but it's early yet. Don't you think we'd have time to sort of wander down a piece into the woods? It's just about the last of spring and it only comes once a year."

The girl wrinkled up her nose and pouted adorably. "Bill—you and your old woods! Tell you what. Some other time we'll come out here and I'll wear shorts and sneakers and we'll go for a long hike. Maybe all

afternoon. There! Will that satisfy you?"

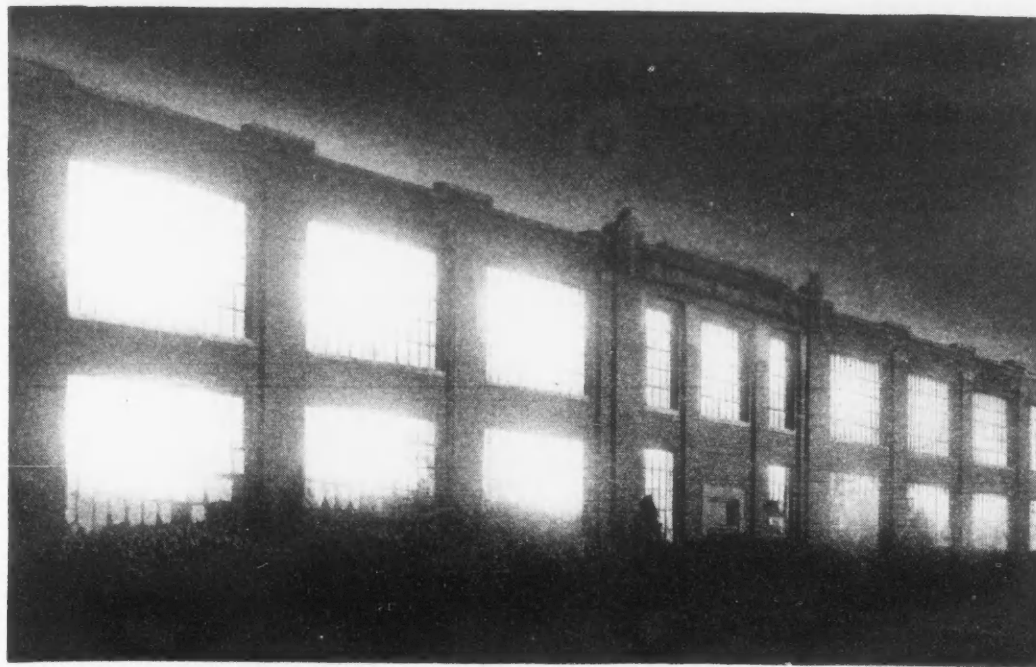
"I guess so, Jean."

They went to the telephone booth together. "Gee, Bill, you're nice!" said the girl impulsively. "And there's no one looking. Kiss me—quick!"

The man kissed her.

"I like you a lot, Bill—an awful lot. And it's been a swell day, hasn't it?"

"Yes," he said, "just swell."



LIGHTS OF DEMOCRACY burn brightly as Thompson goes all-out on war production. Round the clock, in three shifts, seven days a week, "Thompsonites" are crowding extra effort into precious moments. From Priceless hours, men are wringing an ever increasing

flow of vitally needed parts for the wartime aircraft and automotive industries. While at the lathes, grinders and polishing machines, precision standards which may be a life and death factor, were never so closely watched as they are today — under forced draft production.

SO LITTLE TIME TO DO SO MUCH

TIME is the parent of production—while production, today, is the very breath of Freedom.

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The 13,000 employees at all Thompson plants are working with this conviction, harder than ever before.

They know that without the vitally needed precision parts—over a thousand in number—which Thompson is producing for aircraft and aviation engines, production would be crippled

—bombers and fighters grounded, just as surely as if there were no fuel for their tanks.

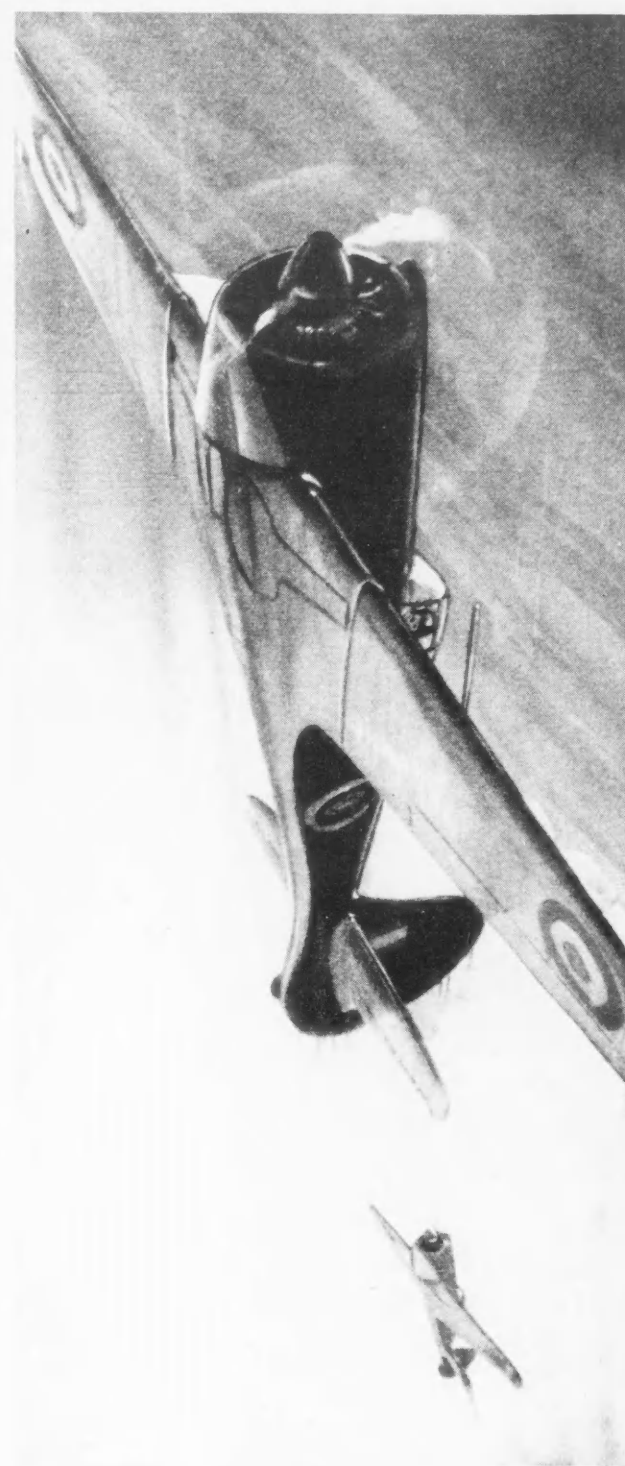
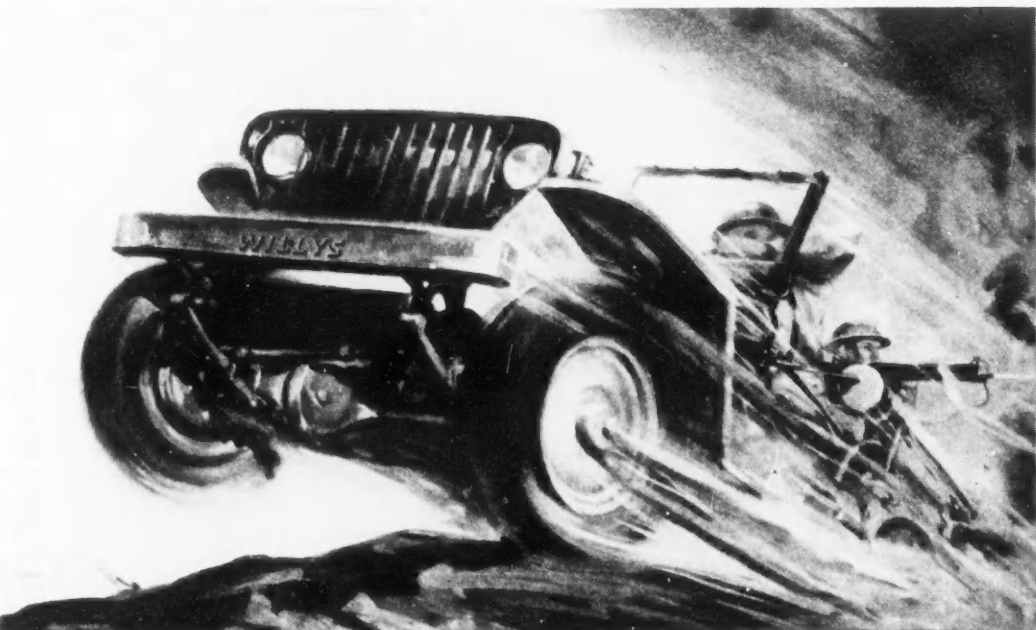
For Armoured units, tanks, guns and other war equipment, Thompson parts are also being turned out in enormous quantities, at bewildering speeds.

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three feet high, but with a clearance greater than a passenger car, the Jeep can whip over 65-degree grades, pull 15-ton trailers and gad about in mud, water and terrain which no automobile would attempt. In the fighting Jeeps as in mammoth tanks, Thompson products are playing their part.



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Mr. King's New "Special Assistant"

BY N. A. BENSON

Professor E. K. Brown, the latest "special adviser" to Mr. King, is a very young man but a brilliant authority on French and English literature.

After a rapid academic rise culminating in the headship of a Department at one of the greatest of American universities, he has interrupted his career to go into the public service because he felt he was needed there.

THE Right Hon. Mr. King appears to be following the example of his great and good friend President Roosevelt in picking able writers and scholars as his closest aides at Ottawa, if his latest appointee is any criterion. The Prime Minister has lately appointed as "special assistant" (with duties unspecified) one of the most brilliant young Canadian scholars of his time in the person of Professor Edward Killoran Brown, late of Varsity, the Sorbonne, University of Manitoba and Cornell. Writer, critic, savant and bilingualist par excellence, "E. K.", who is a simon pure Torontonian, has succeeded with an éclat that is all the more notable when one remembers that so much of Mr. King's most vituperative opposition has arisen from that low-lying tract nestling between the Don and the Humber Rivers.

Considering the number and quality of scholastic distinctions that have been his, Prof. Brown ("E.K." to everyone who knows him well) is almost absurdly young. He was born in Toronto in 1905, sped through U.T.S., graduated from University College in 1926. Tall, dark, curly-haired, bespectacled and most affable, E. K. Brown was, above all else, a student. He was popular in a dignified way with faculty and students alike. He had a ready wit and made a point of never parading his learning in a merely pedantic way. He notably impressed Professor J. Stanley Will of University College's brilliant French department, and Dr. Will is notably impatient with all persons who think slowly and inaccurately.

Armed with a Grade A Varsity B.A. in Moderns, E. K. Brown hurried to the Sorbonne, the University of Paris, on a Massey Scholarship. There, he adopted the rather unusual course of electing to study the literature of his native tongue under those famous French scholars Cazamian and Cestre. For three years he progressed, diligently working upon his major thesis (French) "Edith Wharton, étude critique" and his minor thesis (in English) "Studies in the Text of Matthew Arnold's Prose." He successfully completed his courses at the Sorbonne in 1929 and returned to his Alma Mater, to University College as a lecturer in English until 1931. Then he was promoted to an assistant professorship which he held until '35. All this time he was completing his theses; by 1932 he had translated Prof. Cazamian's "Carlyle."

Battle of Words

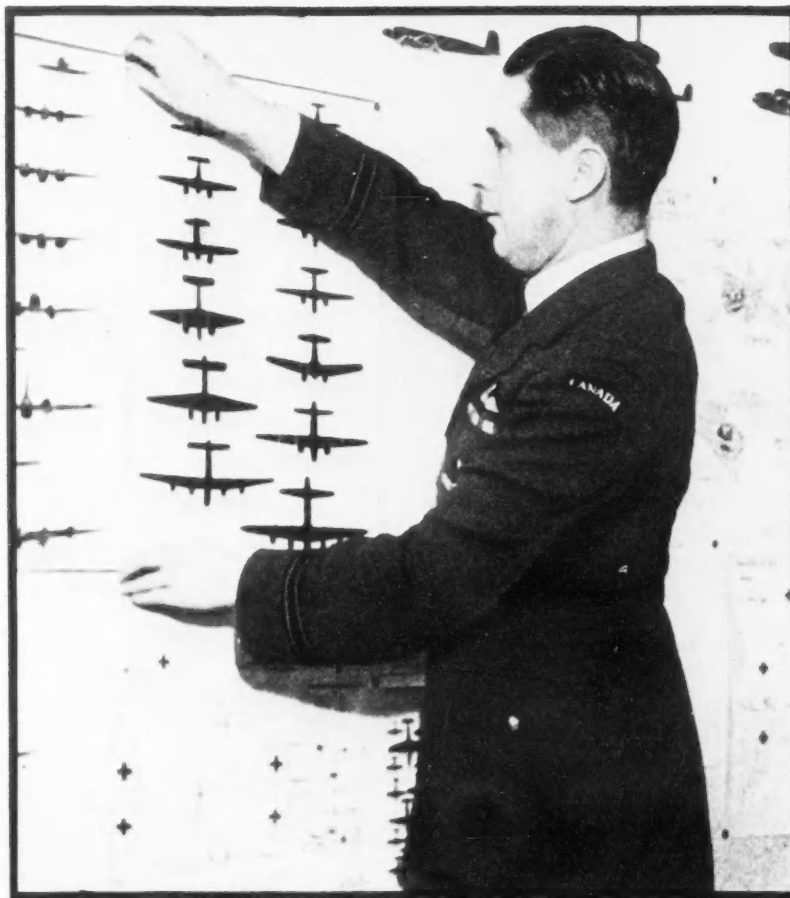
In 1935 he was invited to "defend" his theses on Edith Wharton and Matthew Arnold before a learned jury of academicians of the University of Paris. His *rapporteur*, Prof. Cestre, presented the candidate to five exacting savants for cross-examination in the Louis Liard Hall of the Sorbonne. For five hours the wordy warfare raged. Varsity's E.K. stood his ground, and in impeccable and fluent French, defended his works so brilliantly that at the end of that time one of his inquisitors, Prof. Floris Delattre, gave his opinion: "From all points of view your critical studies are remarkable. They enrich through veritable discoveries our knowledge and understanding of Matthew Arnold." Thereupon, E.K. was awarded his *Docteur-es-lettres*, the official French State Doctorate received only by persons qualified to teach in a home (French) state university. Only one other English-speaking Canadian, Leon Edel, Montreal newspaperman, is believed to have received this degree of great distinction.

Prof. Brown did not stop there. He went back to Toronto where he had already made a name for himself as a careful contributor to top-flight academic journals. From 1932 to 1941 he contributed to the poetry section to the U. of T. Quarterly's annual "Survey of Canadian Letters." In the fall of 1935 he journeyed to Winnipeg to become head of the University of Manitoba's English department. In 1936 he edited "Representative Essays of Matthew Arnold." Known for his Wharton and other studies as

a keen appraiser of the best in American letters, he served as visiting professor of English at the University of Minnesota in 1936-37 summer sessions, and at the University of Chicago in the summer of 1940. He has recently published "Victorian Poetry," an anthology (Nelson, New York).



Canadian bomber crews were among those who last week helped to carry out one of the most spectacular raids of the war, the bombing of the German Baltic port of Rostock, location of the gigantic Heinkel aircraft factory. Above, members of a night fighter squadron of the Royal Canadian Air Force in Britain. When this picture was taken the Commanding Officer of the Squadron had shot down three enemy planes and two of his pilots had one each to their credit. Photo shows them just before going on flight duty. Below, the Squadron Intelligence Officer pins up recognition posters for pilots to study before going aloft.



Whatever were his previous views on matrimony, Prof. Brown married Miss Margaret Deaver of Minneapolis in 1936. Other things that proved him never afraid of a change for the better were a quick move back east to a full Professorship of English at U. of T. in 1938, an unhesitant removal thence to Cornell as Chairman of the Department of English in 1941, and finally a rapid swish to Ottawa as one of Mr. King's special aides after only a few months at Cornell! And he is only 36 now. Obviously, not merely a young man in a hurry, but a realistic renowned Scholar-gypsy who believes in active participation in life itself as well as learning.

As his new chief undoubtedly well knows, E. K. brings him a richly-stored mind, steeped in the literatures and culture of the two great races that make up our Dominion, writing ability of no ordinary degree, an understanding and fluency in the tongue of those apt to cause most concern in the immediate future, a close connection with the most modern ele-

ments in American academic life, plus a special association with men of his own calibre across the line. Therefore, we would be inclined to say that in the present selection, both Mr. King and Prof. Brown definitely Have Something!

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400 Million Flies in the Japanese Ointment

BY FRED S. COOK

Fred S. Cook is a young American, in his late twenties, who lived in China for nearly three years. During this time he followed the armies of Chiang Kai-shek from Shanghai to Chungking, he traveled with and witnessed the battles of Chinese irregulars, he visited Chinese Red Cross Stations and finally came out of China over the "Yellow Fish" route, that is traveling as an illegal passenger on a truck over the Burma Road. All this time he wrote articles for news services and magazines and compiled material for a novel he is now writing.

This article outlines Chinese strategy and tells of the tricks they have used so successfully in holding the invaders in check for the last five years.

THERE'S an old saying to the effect that some 2,000 years ago the Manchurians decided to capture China—and now they're back getting more Manchurians. It illustrates the hopeless task it is to attempt to subdue this race of over 400,000,000 people, who for thousands of years have never lost their national identity. It is surprising that the Japanese, who imitate everybody, did not heed the lesson the Manchurians learned and leave China alone. If they had, they would have been saved a great many headaches.

But, like so many others of us, they chose to misjudge the Chinese and to consider them a helpless prey.

Just look at a map. In the five months we have been at war with Japan they have captured more territory from us than they have from China in the five years of warfare over there. And a good deal of that which is marked "occupied" on a map is as safely in Chinese hands as the city of Chungking is itself.

What's the answer? It isn't that the Chinaman is braver than our soldiers—although he is just as brave. It certainly isn't that he is better equipped he doesn't even come close on that score. It is just that he is tricky—not in an underhanded sort of way—but just that he outthinks the Japanese every time. And that holds true not only amongst the generals who plan the war strategy, but right down to the rank and file of both the regular and guerilla armies.

We fight an orthodox war according to the rules and plans as laid down in the standard books of warfare. This the Japanese can understand and this type of warfare, which depends on the supremacy of the air, sea and land, he is winning because he has, at the moment, that supremacy. The Chinese fight an unorthodox war. Theirs is a policy of attacking from the least expected point or by suddenly coming up with an army some place where there just isn't supposed to be one.

Chinese Tricks

For example, let's look over a few of the tricks the Chinese have played on our would-be conquerors. One of their favorite subterfuges is to construct dummy locomotives and cars out of logs and then to sit back and laugh until their sides ache while the Japs send wave after wave of planes over to blast those wooden trains into a thousand splinters.

We have developed camouflage to hide our cities and troops from the enemy view—the Chinese use it in an entirely different manner.

I remember one day when a Chinese army, numbering perhaps fifteen to twenty thousand regulars and irregulars, occupied a village a few hundred miles to the north of the City of Nanking. They worked feverishly to clear a field for use as an airport and then rigging up numerous makeshift planes of bamboo and paper. They made imitation cannon and tanks of wood and stuffed several thousand uniforms with straw and placed them about the village.

When they had created a perfect appearance of a heavily armed base for attack, they withdrew into the hills, leaving just a handful of men to move about and give the place an authentic touch.

Word was then sent to the Japanese commanding officer, through a roundabout means, that the Chinese were preparing an attack on a large

scale to recapture some Japanese-held positions.

Nipponese planes scouted the countryside and returned to report that this village was the scene of great activity. Thousands of Chinese troops, well equipped with artillery, aircraft and tanks, were to be seen.

The Jap general was worried and decided to nip this purported offensive in the bud. Early the next morning bombers took off and in a "surprise" attack heavily bombed the village "destroying many aircraft and supplies." Simultaneously with the raid a Japanese column of considerable strength poured northward towards the supposed Chinese base. They expected to strike quickly upon a demoralized army, before they had a chance to recover from the air raid. Imagine their surprise and chagrin when they found a small, completely deserted town, and the only evidences of damage being a number of completely wrecked wooden "tanks, cannon and planes." There was little else for them to do but count the long march from Nanking as just wasted effort and return back to whence they came.

Chinese Had Other Ideas

But the Chinese commander had other ideas. When word reached him, through his intricate and highly effective spy system, that the enemy was on the move, he began some manoeuvres of his own. In a series of forced marches, both day and night for he had no mechanized equipment like the foe, he brought his men into a position on the Japanese line of advance but between the advancing troops and their base at Nanking.

Here, in the rolling wooded hills that lie north of Nanking, he set up his machine guns and entrenched his men—and waited for the Japs to return. When they did, they walked into a devastating cross fire which cut great gaps in their ranks. Perhaps less than half of the invader's forces returned to Nanking.

It's a known fact that the Japanese airdromes in China swarm with spies for the Chungking government and that the Japs are helpless in their efforts to cope with the situation. Every movement of the Nipponese planes is reported promptly to Chiang's military headquarters. It travels by word of mouth, by horseback, by heliograph, by radio, telephone and telegraph until it reaches Chungking in a remarkably quick time. It has been through this ingenious system that the Chinese have managed to make their most unique air raid warning system work so effectively. They know exactly how many planes are approaching, at what height and from what direction and are able to warn the city in plenty of time. So accurate is this method that the city of Chungking has not, in years, been caught unprepared.

There's an interesting little story, however, which concerns the spies and their quaint sense of humor.

It seems that one morning, in the dark hours preceding dawn, five medium bombers were rolled out to be fueled and loaded for a raid. In the hustle and bustle of getting them ready, some of the Chinese armorers and mechanics who are forced to do this work, managed to paint the Chinese emblem over the rising sun of Japan which is normally under the wings of the plane.

The bombers took off, bombed their objective and returned to the field—where they were immediately shot down by their own anti-aircraft fire, which had no trouble picking them off as they came in low to land.

The Chinaman is a born diplomat and can, if he sets his mind to it, talk anybody into anything.

There's the story of a certain Chinese warlord who reigned over a large band of irregulars. Being short on modern rifles and ammunition he paid a visit to the Japanese military in Shanghai and professing a great dislike for the Chungking government offered, if the Japs would equip him and his men, to help them overrun the country.

The subsequent investigations showed that this lord had had a good many set-tos of varying nature with the Nationalist government (most of China's war lords have at one time or another) and so the Japs proceeded to enlist his services. But a few days after they were supplied with modern rifles and sufficient ammunition they were off, war lord and all, for Chinese territory—knocking off a few Jap outposts en route.

Stealing Jap Supplies

There was a time when a Japanese freighter tied up to the bund in Shanghai. It was loaded with supplies for the military including several trucks for use in the interior. Native labor was recruited along the waterfront and forced to unload the ship.

But when it came time to unload the trucks—there were none and a minute search failed to disclose any trace of them. Piece by piece the Chinese stevedores, working in the hold, had dismantled the vehicles and had smuggled them ashore. The larger pieces, such as wheels, etc., were lowered at night over the side to waiting sampans, by Chinese who had secreted themselves in the hold during the day. I later saw those same trucks in use by the Chinese army in Chungking. They had been sent, piece by piece, over the mountains to be reassembled and put into use.

When the Chinese air force needs a particular part for their aircraft and doesn't have it immediately available, they send word out through their espionage system that such and such is needed. Shortly afterward it is delivered, after having been stolen from a Japanese plane.

But the pilots of Chiang Kai-shek's little, but effective air force, don't relish this system very much. Not that they have any scruples regarding stealing from the Japs, the opposite is more the case, but just that the Japanese parts are of an inferior grade. In other words they're no good.

The Guerillas

And heaven help the Japanese mechanized column which gets caught in one of the torrential downpours of central China. It quickly becomes bogged down in a mud that the heaviest tank couldn't pull through and that is the end of it. Chinese guerillas mounted on horseback locate the stranded column, wipe out the guard, and China has gained some new equipment.

Even the factories and hospitals of the Nationalist government are operated on a hide-and-seek system. And the Japs are always seeking and never finding.

The co-operative industries of China, which turn out the major proportion of that nation's small arms and ammunition, are composed of a number of small factories, any one of which can be loaded on a truck and moved many miles in a matter of hours.

Time and time again the Japs locate what seems to be a large industrial centre and send their planes to bomb it. But by the time the bombers arrive, the factories are miles away still hard at work manufacturing guns.

The Chinese Red Cross operates hospitals for treatment of wounded

soldiers, guerillas and civilians—even within a short distance of Shanghai.

When the Yangtze floods brought their annual epidemic of typhoid to the people living in the lower areas between Shanghai and Nanking, the Japs ignored the plight of these thousands and thousands of civilians, but the Chinese Red Cross didn't. They installed treatment centres and carried out inoculations—right in the very heart of supposedly enemy-occupied territory.

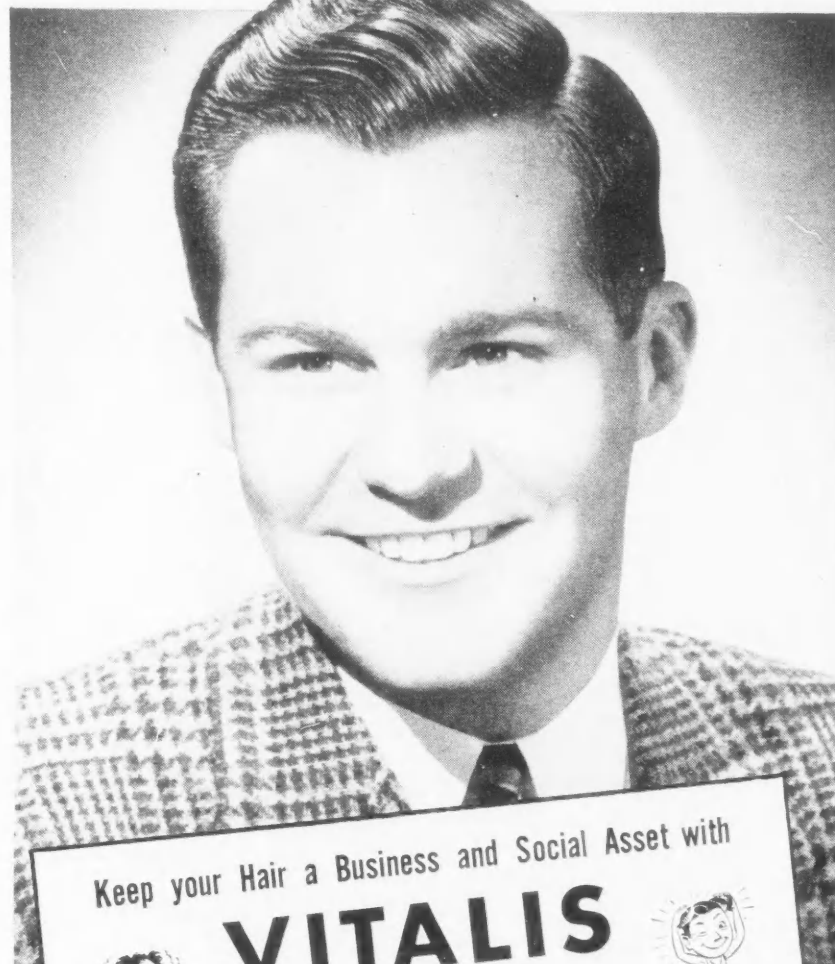
And they're well supplied. Everything they need is sent to them

promptly from equipment bases in the interior. It is hauled down the Yangtze beneath the cargoes of sampans and junks; it is carried beneath the jacket of the ricksha puller and the coolie working in the rice fields might be a delivery boy for this national drug store of China.

All of which makes the Nipponese very unhappy. Try as he will, he is helpless to prevent it. It's an unorthodox strategy—this hide and seek business of fighting a war—and the Jap hasn't the initiative to develop an answer for it.

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Miracle of Imagination

ISLANDIA, a novel by Austin Tappan Wright, (Oxford, \$3.50).

A SCHOLAR, a man of the broadest culture, a professor learned in the law, had a hobby; a dream of better things. But this was an organized dream, one to which he could return in every moment of leisure, developing the master-pattern and working out with tireless patience each contributory design, however small. It was a private Never-never land which he called Islandia; a land where men and women were free from all the terrors of modern civilization.

Year after year Austin Tappan Wright, professor of Law at Berkeley University, gave himself to this private creation. He invented his country, gave it mountains of glory, flowing rivers, a peculiar soil growing undiscovered plants and fruits. He drew maps of it with place-names marked. He invented a language. He invented a history of half-a-millennium and projected from his mind the heroes of that history, civil and

military. And he invented a people ignorant of competition, ignorant of the Thou-shalt-nots, knowing only the positive commands of an ideal social life.

He died, leaving behind him mountainous manuscripts. Among them was a novel filling thousands of type-written pages, but so striking and moving that his daughter as a labor of love condensed it to three hundred thousand words, or so, and offered it for publication. It is the progress of John Lang, a Harvard student in the gradual discovery of the necessities of life for a thinking human being. He finds them in Islandia, finally deserting the United States and the savagery of contemporary life.

The book is, of course a literary curiosity. But it is far more. It's a graceful book, radiant with charm; written with the finesse of an authentic poet. In contrast against the stark violence of modern literature it reads as a Gobel tapestry looks. What it lacks in power is made up in color.

Scores of authors from Plato on ward to Bellamy and Butler have invented ideal lands, but none has approached such complexity of imagination as Wright.

Ireland

BY B. K. SANDWELL

IRELAND PAST AND PRESENT, by Tom Ireland. (Thomas Allen, \$6.)

BECAUSE they have not become part of the pattern of history accepted by the historians—who need at least 25 years to work their patterns out—the events of a generation ago are always less fully understood and more easily lost to sight than those of an earlier date. We should therefore be grateful to Mr. Ireland for calling to mind some of the history of the United States since 1917. For example, most of us have probably forgotten that in 1920 Mr. De Valera came to the United States to campaign against American support of the League of Nations—in his own words "to appeal to the plain people not to commit themselves to an instrument which pledges their strength to a tyrannical power such as England... to assist that power in keeping that which she has unjustly got." It is well to be reminded of it, because Irishmen in the United States are somewhat given to accusing Great Britain of trying to influence the policies of their country, and get very angry about it.

This was just after Woodrow Wil-

son had refused to recognize the Irish Republican delegates who sought admission to the Versailles Peace Conference. Mr. Ireland does not say it in so many words, but it seems highly probable that Irish-American resentment, stirred up in part by De Valera's presence in the United States, was the determining factor in the great reaction against Wilson which destroyed his authority, kept his country out of the League, and made the League itself a failure. On numerous occasions on this tour De Valera's mention of Wilson's name provoked his audience to boos and hisses which in one case, at Madison Square Garden, lasted fully three minutes. Calvin Coolidge was one of the prominent men—he was then Governor of Massachusetts—who gave their support to the De Valera tour.

In all this the proceedings of Mr. De Valera were legitimate enough. He, after all, was the leader of a powerful section of the Irish people; he was campaigning, in their name, for a definite objective, the independence of Ireland; and he was entirely realistic in his methods. This is clearly shown by the fact that, while still touring in America, he gave an interview to the *Westminster Gazette* proposing that Britain should grant independence to Ireland with the reservation of a sort of Monroe Doctrine right "to safeguard herself against foreign attack as the United States did with Cuba." This proposal, which might well have led to a more satisfactory situation than exists today, was too advanced for British acceptance at that time; but it was too friendly to Britain to be acceptable to the more extreme Irish-Americans, who denounced it as "a betrayal of the demand for a completely independent Irish Republic," and insisted that Ireland must have the right to make war against Great Britain whenever it felt like it. The unanimity, and consequently the influence, of the Irish-American vote was considerably diminished after this event, but the harm had been done and the League had been hamstrung, and it is no consolation to recall that later, when he came to power in Ireland, Mr. De Valera became an ardent League supporter.

The impression one gets from this whole volume is that the Irish Question would be comparatively easy of solution if it did not have the Irish-American question attached to it. The book has 323 pages on Ireland before the Easter Rebellion of 1916 and 642 pages on the Rebellion and subsequent events. It is not a history, but it is a useful chronology and has a good index.

Living Gargoyles

SEVEN TEMPEST, a Novel, by Vaughan Wilkins (Cape-Nelsons, \$3.00.)

ENGLAND a hundred years ago was bad enough, as any social history will reveal, but not as bad as this novel would make it. The author has assembled a very platoon of living gargoyles; hideous and bestial, in contrast to a lovable heroine so placid in disaster that she is incredible. The hero is the seventh illegitimate son of a devilish merchant prince who revels in the fact that his mother was hanged and that everything he possesses is due to his own efforts and his own cleverness. He's a "Josiah Boudierby" without the authentic life that Dickens breathed into the character.

The seventh son, named "Seven," is the only one who, having endured the course of brutalities inflicted upon him from his seventh year to his nineteenth, is deemed worthy to succeed to his father's estate. He is cold, remote, implacable, with neither morals nor taste, and when the heroine surprises him into actions of decent humanity he is naturally surprised at himself.

The background is the squalor of diplomacy, King Leopold of Belgium and the King of Hanover making hay for their own interest in face of the unpopularity of the young Queen Victoria of England. The peak of the book is the description of a voyage to America in a sailing ship commanded by a devil incarnate and terminating with the ship afire. As a piece of imaginative writing it is superb. Indeed the whole book glows with power and fierce coloring.

Winter and Weekend

BY STEWART C. EASTON

THE LONG WEEKEND, by Harlow Estes. (Dodd Mead \$3.00).

THE LONG WINTER ENDS, by Newton G. Thomas. (Macmillan \$3.00).

BOTH these books are tales of experiment in alien surroundings. The one is personal and individual, and the background is only a new family and strange people, while the other is a story of homesickness in a new continent. Mrs. Estes' heroine has been invited to stay for a long weekend in the house of the man she hopes to marry. She is very sure of herself and determined by the force of her vitality to coerce his family into accepting her. At the beginning of the book the girl Lily is intensely irritating, and one fears a lapse into one of the most nauseating and too rarely recognized kinds of sentimentality, the goggling worship of Life with a capital L. But fortunately this passes and Lily becomes a real person reacting to the changes in her environment, and her young man and his relatives are all sharply described and intimately perceived. The book, though not memorable, is well worth reading.

The Long Winter Ends is much more significant and is one of the best immigrant novels of the year, though the slow pace of the action and the Cornish dialect used by most of the characters sometimes makes it difficult to read. But if one becomes absorbed into the rhythm of the Cornish words, there is a special charm to be found in them, and the desperate efforts of the young immigrant father to learn to read and write, and the conflict between the compulsions of the old and the new countries, are very tenderly told. And, best of all in this quite unusual book, is the portrayal of a type of character who is rarely anything but a phony in fiction, the teacher and prophet of the new way. Too often he just gives utterance to the common parlor talk of the author which is hopeless in print. Such characters, to be successful, simply cannot be allowed to call a spade a spade. The only method is understatement which leaves every detail to the imagination. But Bob Allen here is perfectly done, and he emerges as a warmhearted intelligent man with a gift for friendship. If for nothing else this book, by reason of him, will remain in the memory.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

TO THE genuine Sherlockian the appearance of H. F. Heard is comparable in importance to the discovery of a couple of hitherto unpublished volumes of the Sacred Writings. His first book, *A Taste For Honey*, was reviewed here enthusiastically, and the second, *Reply Paid* (Copp Clark \$2.35) is an equally delightful piece of work. As an artistic touch one observes that the scene of the crimes this time is in Utah, and we recall that this was also the starting point for one of the most famous of the Sherlock Holmes stories, namely *A Study in Scarlet*.

How these books will appeal to readers—if any there are—who know nothing about Conan Doyle's hero it is difficult to say. We find ourselves unable to judge them except through this nostalgic mist, but we risk little in expressing the opinion that few detective stories were ever better written than this brace, and that in the matter of consummate craftsmanship they surpass that other celebrated pair, *Trent's Last Case* and *Trent's Own Case* by E. C. Bentley.

Agatha Christie's stories fall into three classes—the superb, of which there are probably four or five, the terrible of which there are more, and the moderately successful. In the last category we include *The Body in the*

Library, (Dodd Mead, \$2.35). Missing is Poirot, a great disappointment, but his place is taken by a female sleuth less obnoxious than most of the tribe.

Last Laugh, Mr. Moto, by John P. Marquand (Little Brown Co., \$2.35) is not a detective story but rather a thriller, written by a highly civilized man, presumably before Japan attacked the United States. Of its type it is excellent. *Murder Out Yonder* by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan \$2.75) is a critical review of some celebrated murders committed in rural surroundings, in which we are sorry to see three Canadians figure in a sinister manner. It is written in the style of Pearson, Roughead, Irving et al., and is for the connoisseur's library. We enjoyed it greatly.

Agatha Christie's latest, *Evil Under the Sun* (McClelland & Stewart \$2.35) probably should be included in her best half dozen. There is not much action, of course, for Hercule Poirot believes that a good detective should not comport himself like a bloodhound but should study character and permit his "little gray cells" to solve the mystery. With the exception of *And Then There Were None*, this strikes us as the best Christie story in the past decade.

Vision of Pity and Fear

BY W. S. MILNE

HUGHIE RODDIS, by Gerald Savory; (Alliance-Longmans, Green; \$3.00).

GERALD SAVORY wrote *George and Margaret*, a very slight English domestic farce, like a series of *Punch* cartoons come to life. Anything less like *George and Margaret* than *Hughie Roddis* could hardly be imagined. It is the tragic story of a deformed half-wit in an unlovely northern industrial town, caught up in circumstances he has no power to comprehend, and brought to his death with his one life-giving illusion of happiness wantonly shattered, the victim of a fear-born suspicion, blown to monstrous proportions by vanity and hate.

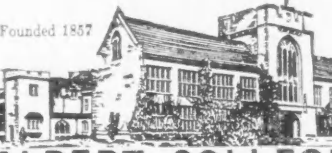
It is not a pleasant tale, but it is not sordid. In spite of the meanness of its accessories, it takes on a tragic power that is almost Greek in its relentless movement to an inevitable and foreseen conclusion. As *Hughie* dies believing that his only friends have turned against him, and that the dimly-comprehended god he has created has refused the offering which had given *Hughie*'s life a purpose, one feels a sense of exaltation and release, the true tragic paradox; a rare thing to encounter in a modern novel.

Mr. Savory's style is restrained and

economical. There is a simplicity to his prose that gives it strength and a strangely moving quality. His characterizations are superficial only in so far as the design he is executing needs no more; when depth is called for, we are aware of three dimensions. In spite of the fact that the theme is one more variation of man's inhumanity to man, the author does not resort to the obvious device of cheap sneers. Even the professor's wife and the chief constable have something more than satirical justification. It is the poor folk, however, the humble ones, that are most sympathetically presented. Even the murdering degenerate, for whose crimes *Hughie* is harried, is made believable.

The structure of the story is admirable. It unfolds logically and swiftly, with suspense built up by dozens of little touches, almost in the manner of a Hitchcock film. Despite the macabre theme, the story is spiritualized by the sub-theme of *Hughie*'s inarticulate search for beauty. Great praise is due here for the complete avoidance of the mawkish. This is really a remarkable novel, even though not likely to be widely popular. But the horror and abnormality of the story are justified by the sure art with which it is set forth.

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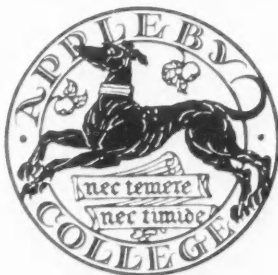
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The Garden in May

BY COLLIER STEVENSON

Gardens, of course, can be decorative without flowers because the foliage of many popular shrubs and trees is vari-colored and definitely interesting in form.

But flowers, whether found in annuals, perennials, vines, shrubs or trees, will add charm to the gardens in which the owners are to enjoy this year—for perhaps the first time—a "stay-at-home" and unusually domestic summer.

WITH the coming of May, gardening activities take on a quicker pace, so spontaneously does the outdoor world react to Spring's bright sunshine and warm rains. It's high time, then, to make final plans; to decide on any special features, such as pool, sun-dial, bird-bath or arbor, to be incorporated in this year's garden; to choose suitable flowers, shrubs, vines and trees for various locations—in other words, it's time to "get busy" in real earnest. Otherwise, gardens are sure to catch up with their lagging owners.

This May there are bound to be many entirely new gardeners; the sort of people who formerly enjoyed gardens created for them by others, the sort of people who spent their summers far a-field with no thought of tires or gasoline. And these amateur gardeners are bound

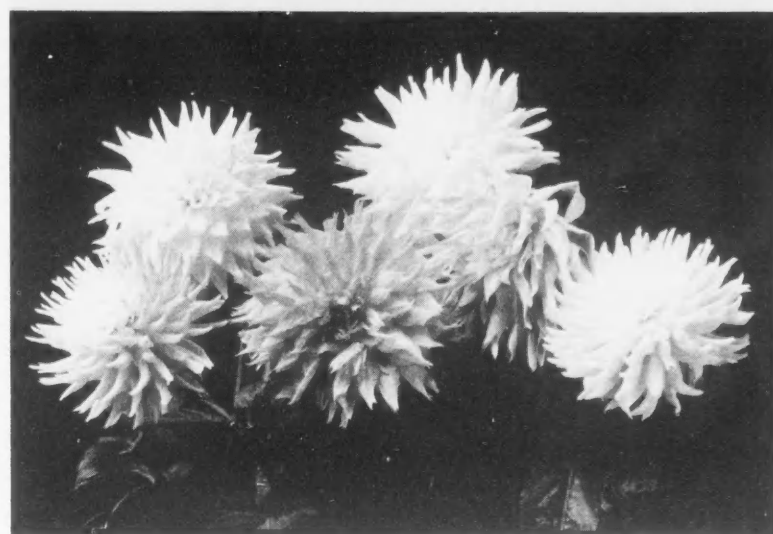
to make some mistakes—but fewer, if only they will follow carefully the planting and cultural directions willingly supplied by responsible nurseries and seed-houses. Incidentally, as another means of preventing mistakes and also wastage of time and materials, the wise amateur gardener never will be carried away by "bargains" when making selections for his garden. Quality merchandise always is a safe investment.

FOUNDATION planting is important, through being a logical means of linking house and garden happily together. Evergreens, of course, should have a major place in any foundation planting scheme because of their year-round attractiveness. Firs, juniper, dwarf spruces, arbutus and pines all offer pleasant variety in hue and form—and they can be used with good results in exclusively evergreen groupings or in combination with such deciduous shrubs as Japanese barberry, mahonia, forsythia and shrub roses. Perennials, too, can be combined successfully with evergreens in foundation plantings; the spectacular red hot poker, for instance, nowadays frequently being introduced amid evergreens to give a flare of color during the late summer weeks.

Foundation planting, as a general rule, should be irregular in width, and sufficiently varied in height to avoid a rigidly hedgelike effect. Variation in height, too, is advantageous in that it permits the placement of low-growing shrubs in front of the windows and along the sides of a house, with higher-growing shrubs providing suitable accent at the corners and at the main entrance or any other important architectural feature. Vines also may be used for further accent as a part of a comprehensive foundation planting scheme.

Attractive as a non-flowering vine can be, flower-bearing vines are more appealing to the eye. Some of the flowering vines appropriate for foundation planting and pleasing anywhere are the old-fashioned honeysuckle, the showy trumpet vine, the clematis (variously purple, white, blue and red), the purple-blossomed wisteria, the matrimony vine and the quick-growing silver lace vine. And, of course, climbing roses are a never-failing source of colorful variety.

HEIGHT adds interest to garden planting—and that suggests a studied use of trees, even in small gardens. Flowering trees immediately come to mind, since they can introduce interesting color in addition to



One of the most versatile of flowers is the dahlia; its blooms sometimes a foot wide, other varieties but an inch—the colors as varied.

—Photos: courtesy Larina McLeod.

beauty of form. The Western catalpa, with its great sprays of purple-spotted white flowers, and the black locust, carrying creamy-flowered pannicles and fernlike foliage, are trees to be commended for garden use. The good, old-time horse chestnut is another flowering tree to consider, although it cannot compare in sheer loveliness with the Japanese cherry. The mountain ash, though its flowers are not especially noteworthy, is almost indispensable because of the bright orange-red berries which it carries far into the autumn.

Flowering trees? It must not be forgotten that our good Canadian apple, plum, peach, pear and cherry trees bring to the spring landscape a very lovely array of blossoms, both white and delicately rose. All these trees are suited to garden culture—and it is particularly fitting in these serious times that fruit trees be planted generously not only in orchards, but in home gardens to enrich Canada's future store of foods. So, for their usefulness, as well as the beauty they confer, fruit trees should have a place in Canadian gardens.

Flowering shrubs can bring much new beauty to any garden. Lilacs, though sometimes almost reaching tree height, actually are classed as shrubs; and infinitely varied are the hues which their fragrant blooms present all the way from virginal white to an almost sensuous purple. Weigela, kerria, bush honeysuckle, deutzia, butterfly bush, hawthorne, althea, pearl bush, Siberian pea, hydrangea, flowering plum, tamarix, these give some indication of the variety of flower-bearing shrubs that are available for the greater beautification of Canada's gardens.

And a lot of beauty can be imparted by mixed plantings, along garage walls or boundary lines,

using both perennials and annuals. Taller-growing favorites, such as hollyhock, delphinium, digitalis, lupin, gaillardia and lychnis offer a wide choice of color and form, while annual hollyhocks, larkspur, chrysanthemum perhaps even a few gladioli will supply an effective contrast for the plants of medium and lower growth. Give some consideration to the diversity of foliage as well as the color of the bloom and the length and time of blooming period. A garden requires interest in flower and foliage throughout the season.



The echinops, or globe thistle, is a striking perennial marked by silvery foliage and globular heads of steel-blue flowers, excellent for cutting.

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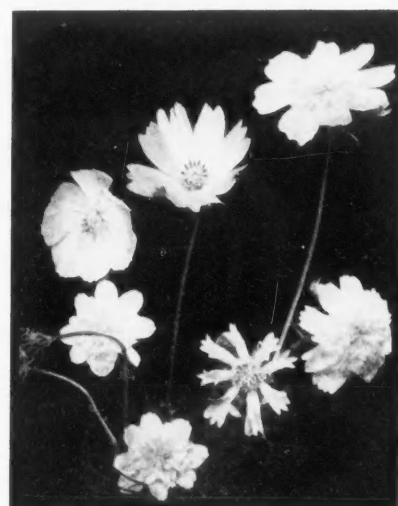
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WORLD OF WOMEN

This Matter of Fur -- And Coats

BY BERNICE COFFEY

CHERISH that stone marten, baum marten, kolinsky neckpiece or jacket as you do your only set of rubber tires, for it is almost impossible to replace it except at a prohibitive price—if at all. These furs come from Russia or China, but both the Russians and Chinese are giving their attention to the trapping of a different sort of animal at the present time. The fact that mink, that lordly pelt, is quite low in price, ought to soften the blow.

Persian lamb doesn't come from Persia which used to be called Iran and is now Persia again, if you follow us, but from South West Africa. The ships are still bringing the handsome things to us.

And when the present supply of kidskin coats gives out, they will not

be in evidence again until the warriors return to their peacetime occupations.

Even our little Canadian friend the muskrat, who by the magic of the furrier's art becomes lordly Hudson seal, has become scarcer. Trappers have been bringing in only a fraction of the usual catch because most of the boys have accepted the King's Shilling.

All this must make the fur-bearing animals feel to their astonishment that life can be beautiful, indeed.

Fortunately for those who feel that the Canadian winter climate is not to be borne without a fur coat, there still are enough beautiful furs to go around. Persian lamb, which gets the nod from our best-dressed, and Hudson seal are the best liked furs and brown seal with its play of tawny tones like old sherry, is insinuating itself into fashionable favor both here and in New York, according to the Holt-Renfrew people to whom we are indebted for our information.

All this will suggest to girls of a canny turn of mind whose current fur coat is getting to the point of tattiness where it ought to be retired to the status of a lap-robe, that there's no time like the present for looking into next winter's fur coat situation. The styles are set for next season—not much change, so they say, except for a further smoothing down of the shoulder-line. The cream of the furs is there to skim. And if you are toying with the idea of a made-to-measure coat you lucky thing, the factories are less busy now than at any other time of the year—hence, the whole thing is likely to cost less, a fact which should clinch things with the man who foots the bill.

In the Marts

If you know someone who has graduated from A Bed of Pain to the stage where she is able to Take An Interest In Things, and if you are not the calves-foot jelly type, you

probably have a small gift problem on hand.

The Marvel Flower Ball is one of those rather tricky things that require practically no effort on your part or, what is more important perhaps, in the case of the invalid. The Ball appears to be nothing but a compact mass of that spongy moss that gardeners use but according to the label it is full of Vitamin B-1. A few days after it has been soaked in water the things begin to sprout and before you know it, sweet peas or nasturtiums make their appearance in satisfactory numbers. Truly, it's a wonderful world, and we'd be the last to deny it.

The girl who wears one of the newest scarfs won't have a leg—or an alibi—left to stand on if she can't rattle off at will all the ABC's of air raid precautions. The most important rules are printed in bold very black script diagonally across the scarf's centre.

Clear Visibility

Lucite, as you probably know, is a plastic three times as clear as glass, less than one-half its weight. It's seen around in many forms, but not often as millinery.

Melvin Jackson has designed a sail-or hat with a coachman brim of black felt. The crown is of Lucite trimmed in front with an ornament made of the plastic in the shape of a roll with a ribbon of felt drawn through it. It seems to be the perfect solution for the girl who spends hours acquiring a wonderful hair-do and then covers up the work of art with her headgear. The crystal clear crown of this hat shows up the curls or waves on top of the head together with any hair ornaments she cares to add.

The plastic part of the hat was formed in a mold made of soft pine wood, and we doubt if such hats are likely to emerge in the near future out of the custom-made class—except for those who can persuade a friend with a hobby to go all out for them.

That hat is one of the last things Mr. Jackson expects to make, as he hopes soon to be gazing through the Lucite windshield of an R.C.A.F. training plane.

Wrap

Looking about for a simple wrap

to toss over your summer frock when the sun goes down? If the mysteries of knit one, purl two, are an open book to you you might feel inclined to run yourself up a small shawl. A few of the exclusive New York shops, we hear, have them and they may be on their way to becoming A Fashion. The shawls are being worn in a dozen different ways, and they are dressed up in all sorts of intriguing manners. One will have upholstery fringe, while another may have tinsel braid for a border. In a light wool and a gay color, they keep you warm on summer evenings when the weather verges on cool, and are decorative to boot.



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Two versions of a rose wool jersey frock. The peacetime fashion (left) uses 6 3/4 yards of material. Wartime model (right) uses only 4 3/8 inches. Belt on the new dress is only 1 1/2 inches while the other is three.



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WORLD OF WOMEN

Back to the Bloomer Girls

BY MARJORIE REESOR

HAVE you ever noticed that at times when you are trying to do your absolute, top-notch best, you suffer moments of utter dismay? I suffered thusly when the capable voice of Cousin Hattie rounded the corner of the house on Tuesday morning.

"It's utterly fantastic," remarked Hattie, "to find you still engaged in the pursuits of peace."

I wheeled on the second top step of the ladder, paint-brush in hand, while a trickle of "Ivory-glossy finish" ran down my arm.

"Painting the rose-arbor," Hattie gestured with a bulging bag marked "carried to save gasoline."

She really has a great many sterling qualities, even if she is only a cousin by marriage. Unfortunately, she does not at all times arouse the best in me.

"Pursuits of Peace" my eye! When Ives nobly answered his Country's Call, it left me holding the paint-brush. If bad should come to worse, I intend to paint the kitchen." I vigorously stirred the paint.

"Such ambition and energy," admired Hattie, "But certainly if you're determined to pinch-hit for the Handy Man you should get yourself some slacks."

This time I did not risk turning around. "Listen Hattie! Skirts were

good enough for Grandma and they're good enough for me. There is, I admit, a certain dash and charm about slacks on slim cuties but with a derriere like mine, I'll stick to skirts, even if the Government does freeze them." I went full out on that effort. Hattie weighs nineteen pounds more than I do and it is not distributed. It's bunched or localized, if you know what I mean, in the rear.

"Well," she snorted, "If you think we can survive if we're going to put appearance first, I don't. 'Dash and Charm' seem pretty trivial right now. Never was our future so closely linked with that of our Country."

Broader Horizons

This sounded mighty fine and I felt that possibly the conversation was heading away from Pants to broader horizons.

"Invest in tomorrow," I quoted, applying another brushful.

"Where did you get that?" demanded Hattie, sharply.

I often tell the truth. I did now. "From the Frontenac Brewery sign, when they urged the purchase of Victory Bonds. It was in the Street-Car—no—I think it was the Bus..."

"It's immaterial." Purposely I misunderstood. Anything to keep the conversation from going back to slacks. "Immaterial? I think it's pretty swell. Nothing defeatist about that kind of talk. Now take the people who buy up supplies..." I almost made a three point landing as I turned to stare pointedly at the bulging "carried to save gasoline."

Please!

Hattie assumed her best platform manner, which is impressive indeed. She would have loved a table to bang upon so she could shout "P-l-e-a-s-e!" With a sweep of her hand she pushed a lot of air aside, more or less brushing me off with it. "If you are suggesting that I am hoarding groceries, you are quite mistaken. Quite."

"Tsk! Tsk! Hattie, I know you wouldn't do anything so shoddy, but there are people..." I hinted darkly.

I did feel I wasn't being very pleasant, but I did wish she would go. I can't visit and work. With an experienced eye she was looking over our garden. Hattie considers herself one of the best gardening experts in the neighborhood.

"That lilac is crowding everything out on the East side," she pronounced. "You should have that thinned out. It's taking all of the goodness out of the soil. I'd have it taken right out. Entirely too much shade on that side. Well what on—earth?"

As I carefully turned Hattie was adjusting her Oxfords to peer more carefully at the five egg cartons I had lined up in the sun. Proudly I explained the earth-filled halves of shell in each little egg space.

"It's a scientific way of starting seeds early. You fill the halves of shell with earth, plant the seeds and when they are well along you simply plant the shell in the ground, cover lightly and there you are! Built in fertilization, sturdy plants and no blank spaces left by weaklings that do not survive. Merely an experiment of course."

It was quite evident that Hattie was most interested. "Why, it's amazing there is a bit of green peeping through in several. What kind of seed?"

Nasturtiums

Suddenly I wished I had planted something difficult. "Kind—Oh Nasturtium. I have every confidence that I will have great bowls of nasturtiums when other people barely have theirs under way."

"Quite an idea," Hattie was folding her glasses. "But I don't see the advantage. My Nasturtiums are over two inches above the ground now!"

"Yes, but will they survive?" She wasn't going to flatten me. "Think of the battle against such opponents as cut-worms. Now the shell not only fertilizes, it protects..."

"Well..." Hattie was turning to the "Carried to save Gasoline." She sniffed. "I'm just a city slicker who wouldn't know. I always find nasturtiums will grow anywhere. I just throw them in. Look if your mind isn't completely closed on the subject of slacks maybe you'd like to take a gander at these..."

(Hattie uses a great deal of slang. That's what comes of having a son too young to be drafted. However, he is a nice boy even if he does call me an old vegetable to my face.)

"Hattie, you aren't going to..." "I certainly am. Just the thing for riding my bicycle!" "Your—ah bicycle?" "Uh-huh." She was fishing a parcel from the shopping bag. "Harry bought me one yesterday. No more running errands in the car at our house." And while Hattie stepped briskly into the house to "slip into the slacks" as she put it, I sat wearily on the top step of the ladder to ponder on the waste of yesterday and the amazing economies of today and brisk women like Hattie who have the gumption to tackle anything. My ruffled feelings were levelling off into something warmer than tolerance when Hattie re-appeared in the slacks.

"Now no corny jokes," she warned. "I'll likely lose quite a lot when I start using the wheel. See—they are specially cut to give a little leeway where you need it." She pranced and turned while I looked anxiously about to see if any of the neighbors were around, when a sight met my eyes that I shall never forget.

It was my next door neighbor. A fine woman, if ever I have met one. A woman who has helped to make the social structure of our Country what it is. But there she was raking and digging, in a pair of her husband's reconditioned pants. The remodelling had not gone far enough. The seat was at a point just below the bend of the knee! At that moment she caught sight of us.



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CLASSIC CLOTHES AND WOOLLENS

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"Yoo-hoo!" (She was apparently quite unconscious of the figure she cut.) Gaily she gestured. "Getting in an hour's work on our Victory Garden. It's simply lovely the way everything is growing. Oh hello there." She called a special greeting as she caught sight of Hattie. "My dear what stunning slacks. Why they take simply pounds and years off." (The lying hussy.) She picked up her hoe. "I got a really lovely pair yesterday." She too began to irritate me—everything was lovely, plants or pants, it was one and the same. Lovely! "I'm going to keep them for better wear. We won't be able to get that good material much longer."

"Isn't that lovely?" I muttered wondering how I could be so nasty. Hattie came over and patted me reassuringly on the shoulder.

The Long View

"Just try to keep yourself from going to pieces," she comforted. "I

torgot to tell you that your favorite little accessory shop with matching bags and beads and posies has been turned into a 'Slack Shop.' Try to take a long range view, Duckie. We're pressing toward a new Era."

I shook off her comforting hand. "Listen my pet, anyone who has knit as many miles of Seamen's socks as I have, can press toward the new Era just as hard as the next one. I'll be in there pitching, but not in pants."

That I felt was telling her and in her own language. Briskly I returned to my painting. Laughing, Hattie started for home, still in the slacks.

I looked after her departing figure, swinging gaily along. Hattie really isn't so bad, at that, and there is something about well-cut slacks.

I've been wondering where you take the measurement right at the hip? Possibly a little lower. I suppose any smart salesgirl could tell me. Possibly I had better have them tailored.

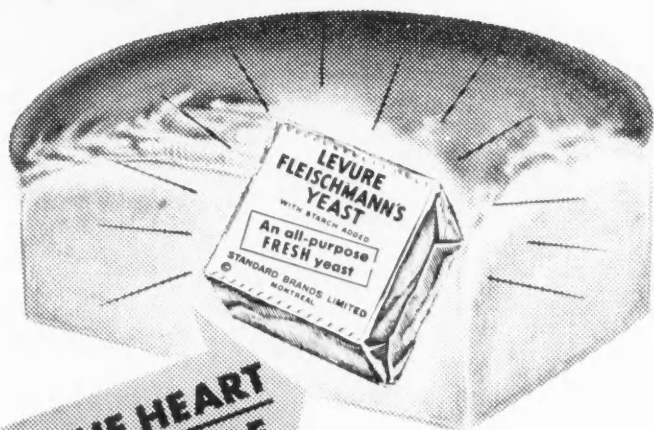
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GET MORE VITAMINS—MORE PEPI Eat 2 cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S fresh Yeast every day. This Yeast is an excellent natural source of the B Complex group of vitamins!

MADE IN CANADA

THE DRESSING TABLE

Cosmetics -- But in a Simpler Setting

BY ISABEL MORGAN

advises Dolores, who has very long luxuriant blonde tresses.

More Hat

Less hair, more hat. Now that pompadours are making way for short "feather" hair-dos dime size hats are making way for important millinery. Lilly Dache has launched a new series of coif or caul hats. They

are inspired by 16th Century paintings of the ladies of the Court of Henry VIII, by Hans Holbein the Younger. Demure and charming, they shade the eyes but leave the hair visible at the back.

One of the most beguiling of the coif hats is of white pique which sits fairly far back on the head—for those who don't feel inclined to rush out and have their pompadours snipped into oblivion—and is trimmed with black grosgrain ribbon tied in little bows on top and at the nape.



White cotton boldly patterned in black points to the way of fashion during the coming summer. Skirt is full, waistline defined with a corselet of red and black pique—the fabric which makes the basque jacket.



Flower bouquets pattern this springlike jersey frock, vari-colored hues making a colorful splash against the white background. Red belt.

MANY of the pretty and ingenious packagings of cosmetics which wrapped them in glamor, soon will be disappearing from the scene of our dressing tables. This is not the result of Government order, but the decision of the toilet goods industry. It is being done so that paper, cardboard, metal and many other materials will be available for essential war purposes. It is a sound decision which will please most women, although we may be pardoned a small private sigh of regret at the passing of the little works of art which made exquisite stage settings for our creams, lotions, and so on.

The important thing, however, is that we still are to have our cosmetics even though they may be dressed, as we are, more simply. In the meantime it's a bright plan to keep the receptacles we have, such as talcum tins, jars, since most of these are in good condition when the contents are used up. New supplies in the simpler containers can be transferred to them. Cream jars, tin tubes, glass bottles such as skin lotion comes in are, of course, never thrown away by those who are salvage-conscious—as who isn't now? but are turned in for re-use.

Fifteen

Teen age beauty problems could fill a whole book for junior debs with beauty worries to mull over. Dolores Moran, 15-year-old starlet next to be seen in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," Warner Bros. production, is a believer in youthful makeup; and perfection in growing.

For youthful skin, there's no bet-

ter hint than the twice-daily scrubbing treatment. So practices and preaches the lady with the complexion of "cream and peaches." This is followed by an application of cold cream, removing the excess oil with soft, absorbent tissues.

Dolores then turns artist and paints a luscious mouth on her very attractive face. Dolores finds that the lip-stick brush is one of the best aids to beauty. While the mouth can retain its original shape, it can be "persuaded" to a lovelier fullness and more articulate line. "But don't dip too heavily into your lipstick pot or lip-stick as a mouth over-done is better un-done," adds Dolores.

Dolores enhances the luxuriant growth of her blonde eyelashes and eyebrows with the aid of mascara. About a drop of water is enough to melt the cake-mascara and be sure not to dig too hard into the mascara. This will make your lashes look beaded and give you a hard, unattractive look.

The orange stick is so necessary in nail grooming. After applying some cuticle softener, Dolores rotates the orange stick in little short, gentle strokes. After washing off the excess oil, Dolores is ready for some light polish.

Brush, brush—and some more, too.

There's nothing men admire so much as
-a fresh young skin!



A GIRL or woman may have features that are far from perfect and a figure that is not well proportioned, but if she has a lovely youthful skin, men will look at her admiringly.

Most women know this. And many know how to have and keep the kind of skin men admire. They know that one cream, different from all others, can actually create skin beauty!

THE SECRET OF THIS CREAM—VITAMINS!

It is a recognized fact that too little Vitamin A makes your skin harsh, dry, rough. Without Vitamin D it cannot breathe actively.

By supplying these two vitamins directly to the skin, Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream imparts new life, new activity to skin cells, making texture smoother, contour firmer, tone fresher. Dryness, crepiness, enlarged pores give place to fresh glowing tone and the fair supple appearance of young skin!

Think of what this means! Now through the exciting discovery of VITA-RAY VITAMIN CREAM you can provide your

skin with a real beauty diet, rich in vitamins A and D.

Vita-Ray Cream is also a marvelous cleanser and provides a foundation that adds real glamour to make-up. Give it a thorough test for these uses.

Have the lovely skin that men admire! Watch Vita-Ray Vitamin Cream re-create beauty in your own skin!

VITA-RAY
VITAMIN all purpose
CREAM



Contains at least
1200 A.D.M.A. Vitamin D Units
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MARRIAGES

LINES-CAMPBELL. On April 4th, 1942, at St. Mary's Church, Richmond Hill, by the rector Rev. Wm. Wrixon, Mary Margery, daughter of Mrs. Campbell and the late Mr. Robert D. Campbell, to Stuart John Hughes Lines, younger son of Mrs. Lines, Richmond Hill, and the late Mr. T. W. Lines.

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Sweet new nail shade

• **NEW!** He'll take you straight to his heart when you wear CONFECTION! A sweet new bonbon nail shade especially blended by Peggy Sage for the invincible spirits who have determined to go all-out for defense and still spread morale-making feminine charm as they go! At all departmental and better drug stores.

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protects the skin from sun and wind on the golf course. That dried up feeling disappears. A complete, beautifying cream for day and evening events.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun Tan

THE recent crop of movies could easily lead you into that state of dreamy security which we are told is almost as bad for national morale as shaken nerves. The commentators and editorial writers may croak and peep but the screen at least leaves us feeling that after all things are in pretty good shape—the Russians will take care of us abroad and our internal dangers can be safely left to Robert Cummings and Humphrey Bogart. Maybe what we need at the moment is a good sour

THE FILM PARADE

Three Parts Stimulant to One Part Sedative

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

that sets him head and shoulders above every other director of the espionage school. "Saboteur" is hokum but it is wonderfully superior hokum, distilled with taste and wit and a bland acceptance of the most unfathomable wickedness. To keep the comedy and terror mounting he likes to reveal his villains as rather ludicrously normal, apart from their ideological commitments. His murderous Nazi agent is a cherry family man. His local Gaudier is an affectionate and ever so fussy Grandpa. His Nazi butler retains all his butler's dignity while he conks

his victim over the head. "Will there be anything else, Sir?" His Nazi mistress shows exactly the refined taste of the nation of murder on her premises that a Long Island matron might reveal when confronted by the problem of garbage disposal. None of these people have the slightest human reality, they are simply for purposes of action, contrast and Hitchcock's special type of satiric comedy. As always his camera is infinitely more eloquent than his characters. It is the camera that evokes suspense and omen and terror turning obvious invention into a fearsome black-and-white reality. The story may be hokum but the

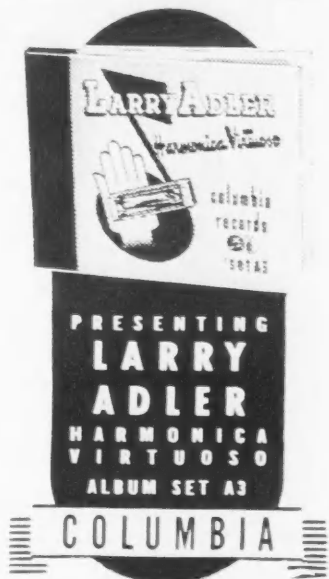
alarmist note—a documentary based on the Burma oil fields or the Japanese-controlled Pacific areas; or even an anti-Nazi spy picture which shows the tireless Bund actually wrecking a ship's launching or blowing up an American battle-cruiser in the final sequence.

It's just a notion of course and already on reading it over I can see that it is not only an unpalatable but a completely impractical one. The producers have to show right triumphant and inalienable, because they are up against the movie-goer's own inalienable right to stay away if he feels like it and listen to the radio. We might even stop at home and weed our Victory gardens if the industry took to hinting too strongly that life on this continent was so seriously threatened that even Humphrey Bogart mightn't be able to save us.

At the moment they are offering us a carefully weighed prescription of three parts stimulant to one part sedative. The formula is simple but invariable. The hero uncovers a Nazi spy ring and though badly handicapped by the police, the F.B.I. and the necessity of rescuing a beautiful girl he manages to crack the ring, destroy the ringleaders and rescue the girl. In "All Through the Night" he is Humphrey Bogart and the villain is blown to bits in the New York Harbor. In "Saboteur" he is Robert Cummings and he drops his saboteur from the look-out balcony of the Statue of Liberty. Both pictures are swift, detailed and tricky—though "Saboteur," being a Hitchcock film, is naturally the trickier of the two. Both are preposterously exciting and both are plain unvarnished fiction. You know the pattern by heart by this time and know too that no director in his right mind would dream of violating it; so that the end is in plain sight from the opening sequence.

Yet still you sit there sweating and agonized with suspense. It is you who are trapped in the water-front den, you who strain and struggle while the saboteur's finger stretches towards the electric button, and you who hang by a tearing coat-sleeve over the abyss. Then, as a sort of moral restorative on the other side of the knot-hole through which you have been dragged, there must be villainy scattered and Robert Cummings (or Humphrey Bogart) safe and sound, with his girl in his arms. . . . Well, it works and it's entertainment, so we can't blame the movies for over-simplifying the menace and its solution, since that is what we pay to see. After all, the industry is in business strictly for its health.

THERE are of course all sorts of possibilities and variations within the pattern; and it is Hitchcock's ability to exploit and invent inside the rigid limits of a "made" plot

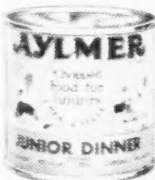


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The Record Review

BY JOHN WATSON

BRAHMS — Symphony No. 1 in C Minor. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony. Victor—DM-875; 10 sides.

THE almost universal popularity of the warmly beautiful "First" has resulted in a great many recordings, some good, some indifferent. It is only natural to expect of Mr. Toscanini a superlatively fine performance. . . . and so it is. His reading is trenchant and honest and of the highest intellectual order. His particular anathema is emotional over-emphasis (or *schmaltz*, if you like that better). The recording is as clean and sharp as the interpretation, although I could have wished for a little more resonance in the orchestral climaxes. Of all the cuttings of the Brahms First I think this one should satisfy the greatest number of people for the greatest length of time.

NEGRO SPIRITUALS. Sung by Dorothy Maynor and unaccompanied Male Choir. Victor—M-879; 8 10-inch sides.

ALL victims of "Anthologies" are prone to lament for what is left out rather than rejoice in what is included. I think Miss Maynor could have made a happier choice; but then, it's impossible to satisfy everyone. In any case, these Negro hymns are sung by the greatest living colored soprano, without the benefit of instrumental accompaniment—which is just as it should be. The Male Choir is not all that it should be.

MOZART—Symphony No. 25 in G Major (K. 183). John Barbirolli and the New York Philharmonic Symphony. Columbia—J80 4 sides.

THE sprightly flavor of Mozart's "Little Symphony" is still refreshing to jaded modern palates. Mr. Barbirolli's reading is intelligent but often uninspired. In the slow movement, especially, he is far too stodgy. Results are happiest when the burden falls on the string choir. The recording is excellent.

BEETHOVEN—Sonata in A Major (Kreutzer). Played by Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin. Columbia—D106-7 sides.

THE massive *Kreutzer*, which used to provide steady employment for many a violin-and-piano team, is almost a stranger to the present generation of listeners. We have reason to be grateful to Mr. Busch and Mr. Serkin for contributing so nobly to its regeneration. They are essentially "old school" musicians, and both are fitted by temperament and training to interpret Beethoven in the grand manner. Their teamwork is perfection itself and Columbia has contributed a first-rate pressing.

By the way, this album (or, at least, the copy they sent me for reviewing) exhibits a phenomenon whose explanation is lost on me. All goes merrily until you come to side No. 6 when, instead of stringing

along with Mr. Beethoven, you suddenly find yourself in the august company of Martin Luther and J. S. Bach with an extraordinarily good symphony orchestra playing the chorale. *Eis' Feste Burg*. Now *Eis' Feste Burg* is a rousing good tune and I'm tickled to death to listen to it at any time, but plunked down in the middle of the *Kreutzer* Sonata it's apt to be a trifle disconcerting to even the most sophisticated ear. I hope Columbia saw the error of their ways before this misprint reached the retail market.

WAGNER—Die Meistersinger. Prelude to Act III, Dance of the Apprentices; Procession of the Meistersingers. Fritz Reiner, conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Columbia—J79 4 sides.

THIS music has been played on every Ford Sunday Evening Hour since time began, but never so buoyantly as by Mr. Reiner and the lads. Wagner's gusty laughter, with its ironic undertones, is faithfully reproduced in this resonant recording.

camera is winged with speed, imagination and light.

SINCE "Inside Fighting Russia" is made up largely of newsreels old and new, a great deal of it is already familiar. But it has been skillfully assembled and edited and the result is a singularly powerful study of the world's most indomitable people. The title hardly covers the material, for this is the story of Russia's emergence from a state of almost brutal feudalism into the vigor and fulfillment of a great modern nation. This is a picture you must see, since, rapid and partial as it is, it makes comprehensible at last the continuing miracle of Russian resistance.



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VERY FULL
MEDIUM DEEP

LONDON is just now in the full rush of its Warship Week. The First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Alexander, opened it on Saturday, standing on the bridge of a dummy battleship in Trafalgar Square. The mark is £125,000,000. It is a tidy sum, but there is every likelihood that it will be not only reached but considerably surpassed. (It was, Editor).

Altogether this is a very cheerful and bustling affair—flags flying everywhere, bands playing, parades marching, and endless speech-making, though perhaps this last item is not the most cheerful feature of the proceedings. When London sets out to do anything of this sort, it generally does it with a bang. And other

Warship Weeks are being held in some 150 areas throughout the country.

The previous week hundreds of other places held similar cash-collecting celebrations—all impressively successful. And a few months ago the whole country was going in for War Weapons Weeks. It is all part

THE LONDON LETTER

Three Billion Pounds in War Savings!

BY P. O'D.

of the immense and persistent War Savings Campaign, which has already brought into the Treasury really astronomical sums—up to the end of last December over £3,000,000,000! And at a cost of less than 1s. and 6d. for each £100 raised!

In view of the magnificence of these results, it seems that Lord Kindersley and the others chiefly responsible for the campaign have every reason to congratulate themselves—and the public. So they have. But here and there amid the general chorus of jubilation is heard the small, dry voice of the cynic asking

how much of all this money represents genuine savings and how much of it would come to the Government naturally and inevitably without all the ballyhoo.

It would be foolish to deny that there is something, perhaps even quite a lot, in what the cynics say. In all these campaigns there is bound to be a good deal of window-dressing. Banks and insurance companies and other large financial institutions hand over in public and with a flourish immense sums which they would probably hand over in any case. It is a matter of investment.

At the same time, it is even more foolish to deny the excellent effect of these campaigns in encouraging patriotic thrift among the general public. All sorts of ordinary people are led to save their money and to put it into Defence Bonds and War Certificates, who otherwise might not do so—certainly not to the same extent.

If, through the contributions of the local banks, hundreds of little towns are delighted to find themselves raising sums which they didn't know they possessed—and, as a matter of fact, didn't possess—well, who is the worse for it? On the contrary, everyone is the better for it, including the National Treasury. So hurrah for War Weapons Weeks and Warship Weeks and all the other Weeks that will probably come along in due course, so long as the war lasts!

Refused a Crown

The Duke of Atholl, who died the other day, had three distinctions in addition, that is, to the great distinction of being the head of the Clan Murray. He was the proud possessor of no less than 18 titles; he was the only person in the United Kingdom with the right to maintain a private army; and just after the last war he was offered the crown of Albania.

Whether or not this last distinction is a really considerable one is "very moot," as poor old P. G. Wodehouse used to say. The crown of Albania was offered to a good many people before King Zog (gorgeous name) was finally forced to take on the job. At any rate, it is gossip that when the Duke told Lord Curzon of the offer, and asked his advice about it, the august Nathaniel said: "I would much rather be Duke of Atholl than King of Albania." Which seems to have decided the matter.

I have spoken of the Duke of Atholl as head of the Clan Murray, but that also is rather moot, it seems. For one thing, there are several branches of the Murrays; and, for another, there is some question as to whether or not the Murrays are properly a clan at all. Heaven knows it is with the utmost trepidation that I venture forth on these perilous waters—certainly no place for an Irishman!—but there is on record a decidedly acid comment of President Forbes, writing to the Government in 1745, when Lord George Murray was one of the chief supporters of Bonnie Prince Charlie.

"The Murrays is no clan family," said the President, "though the Duke of Atholl is chief and head of a number of barons and gentlemen of the name of Murray in the Lowlands." In the Lowlands, mark you, which seems to be intended as a very nasty crack.

However all that may be, the Murrays are generally regarded as a clan, and the Duke of Atholl is generally accepted as their chief, which ought to be good enough—at least for those of us who have no personal interest in the matter. Moreover, the late Duke took very seriously his duties as head of the clan, and devoted to the welfare of his own people all the time and energy he could spare from his long and varied military career.

He was a good soldier, and took part in no less than eight campaigns, including the Boer War and the Great War. He served with distinction, and attained the rank of brigadier-general. Up to a few months ago, he did his turn of sentry duty as a Home Guard in Whitehall. He was a great Scotch gentleman of the fine old type, and his death will cause regret far beyond the limits of Clan Murray—or, if you prefer, the barons and gentlemen of that name in the Lowlands.

15 WAYS TO SAVE SUGAR



- 1 Use less sugar in tea and coffee, stir thoroughly, see that none is left in the cup.
- 2 Weaken your beverages. Strong tea and coffee take too much sugar.
- 3 Serve canned apple juice for refreshment instead of home-made lemonade and other drinks.
- 4 Lighten your desserts by serving nutritious puddings, un-iced cakes and fresh fruits, instead of heavy, over-sweet confections.
- 5 Revise your recipes to use three-quarters of your present sugar measurements and see how little difference it makes. Meringues are bulkier with half the prescribed sugar, butter icings creamier with one part cornstarch to three parts sugar.
- 6 Use chopped dried fruits, such as raisins and currants, in cereals and puddings; try diced canned fruits in steamed puddings with the juice in the sauce.
- 7 Sweeten grapefruit with left-over canned fruit syrup; puddings, icings and cookies with sweetened condensed milk; cakes and icings with semi-sweet chocolate.
- 8 Sweeten pudding sauces with left-over canned fruit syrup and apple juice.
- 9 Use thinner fillings and frostings on cakes and pastries.
- 10 Serve more cakes without icings. A little fruit sugar sprinkled over sponge and layer cakes before they are cooled, gives a nice crust. A topping of cream cheese blended with chopped dates or other dried fruits is a good frosting substitute.
- 11 A pinch of salt takes away the sour taste from grapefruit, apples, oranges and porridge, etc., thus saving sugar.
- 12 Brighten your menus with hot biscuits, toast fingers with savoury toppings, fruit breads and other tea accompaniments, which require little sugar.
- 13 Make spreads and sandwiches with peanut butter, meat pastes, etc., instead of jam and preserves.
- 14 Serve more turnips, potatoes and other heat-energy foods.
- 15 Add sugar to fruit and apple sauce after it is cooked. Less will be required.

The lawful allowance of sugar is $\frac{3}{4}$ pound per person per week. No one is allowed to have more than two weeks' supply on hand at any time, except in remote areas.

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And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!"

Some days all of us manage optim-



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CONCERNING FOOD

The Hounds of Spring

BY JANET MARCH

sun has shone for many a day. What we have to do is to try and make the wintry foods we have been eating all along look a bit more springy. Leave off the Irish stew full of water carrots, and try lamb chops with fresh water dress and vegetables on the edge of the platter. Salads help, too, and here are some recipes.

Cucumber Salad

Cucumbers are appearing in the shops again, and make you think longingly of Raita—the salmon on a hot day with strawberries and cream to follow. Until this can be managed try creaming the canned salmon—which soon we won't be able to get—and serve this salad with it. Slice the cucumbers and sprinkle with salt and let stand—marinate the smart cook books call it—about an hour, then dry on a clean towel. Make a dressing with the following ingredients—

1/2 teaspoon of salt
1/2 cup of sour cream
1 tablespoon of vinegar
1/2 tablespoon of very finely chopped onion
Sugar and pepper to taste

Mix together and serve separately or put the sliced cucumber in the dressing just before serving.

Cabbage Salad

Cabbages are very good just now and cabbage salad can't be beaten. It's good just by itself with French dressing, but there are all sorts of other things you can do with it. To 1 1/2 cups of finely shredded cabbage add two peeled, sliced and chopped tomatoes, and half a green pepper also finely chopped. For this amount of salad you will need about a third of a cup of French dressing, which should be added to the chilled vegetables and well tossed just before serving.

War Prisoners Learn to Cook

BY ELSPETH HUXLEY

THERE'S one class of person that hasn't suffered, as yet anyway, from the stricter rationing and the cuts in our British food allowances. These are the Prisoners of War in Germany. Every week thousands of parcels go out through the Red Cross Prisoners of War Department to Geneva, and thence to be distributed among the 50,000 or so British prisoners in Germany.

At first, Red Cross officers, and relatives of prisoners, had to guess at what the men wanted most. But now the whole arrangement is being put on a more scientific basis. Details of the men's diet have been received by the Red Cross and the men themselves have written saying what they most need.

And you'd be surprised to hear what one of their greatest needs is. It is "for hints on cookery." For many of the men, bored with their monotonous ration, have become interested in that subject, and want to see if they can make their prisoners' diet more appetizing by cooking it in different ways.

When the Red Cross heard of this they asked the advice of the Ministry of Food's expert cooks. This Department, which believes in being practical, has an up-to-date experimental kitchen headed by a charming Scottish cookery expert. Everything recommended by the Ministry of Food is first tried out and tested.

The Ministry's cooks set to work and the result of their labors is a cookery book for Prisoners of War, full of simple, practical recipes, made up from the ingredients which the prisoners are known to have (either supplied in the regular rations, or sent by the Red Cross). This book is being included in every parcel sent out to each Prisoner of War.

Useful hints are also included in the book—for instance, how to make a grater by punching holes in a tin.

In some of the camps prisoners grow their own vegetables, so there was a demand for information on how to make vegetable soups and good salads. Many prisoners, bored with endless stews, asked how scraps of meat could be used. Here is one of the recipes sent. Skin a turnip, and scoop it out. Fill with chopped raw vegetable and add scraps of meat. Cover it entirely with cold mashed potato and bake for about one hour, until brown in a medium oven.

Bricks Without Straw

There's a great demand for hot breakfast dishes, since eggs and bacon are unknown, and flour is not to be had for scones, etc. So the Ministry of Food's cooks included a section of breakfast dishes in the book. potato omelette (made of mashed potatoes); rice and breadcrumb balls; baked beans on toast; savory slices, made of breadcrumbs and fish paste (sent by the Red Cross) worked together, seasoned, and fried.

Pastry made from breadcrumbs (as a flour substitute) and oatmeal is another recipe. Then there are puddings made with carrots instead of fruit, and scones from potato flour.

Rather like making bricks without straw, but a book of over a hundred recipes has been compiled for the Prisoners of War, and there's no doubt they'll be grateful for it. Some wives are going to have the shock of their lives, after the war, when their husbands come back from Germany and show them how to run up a few quick dishes in the kitchen at home.

Salmon Salad

1 1/2 cups of flaked salmon
1 tablespoon anchovy
1 cup of chopped canned asparagus
1 cup of cooked carrots
1 cup of cooked peas
French dressing
1 hard-boiled egg

Mix the salmon with the vegetables and anchovy, and heap in the center of a bowl. Surround with chunks of hard lettuce and the hard-boiled egg sliced. Serve with extra French dressing.

Macaroni Salad

This is one the children usually like, and as most parents are always trying to fatten, not thin, their children, it's all right if being made with macaroni.

1 cup of cooked macaroni
1 green pepper, chopped
1 teaspoon of grated onion
1 teaspoon of salt
1 cup of mayonnaise
Pimentos
Lettuce

Drain the macaroni well and then mix with the pepper, mayonnaise and seasonings. Arrange on lettuce with slices of pimentos across the top.



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MUSICAL EVENTS

French Music Is Still Free

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

IT IS NOT often that a piano recital is signalled by a personal message from a world figure thousands of miles away. Listeners had this unique experience at Eaton Auditorium last week, when as a preliminary to a recital by the noted French pianist, Elie Robert Schmitz, a cablegram of goodwill from Gen. Charles de Gaulle was read. The reason was that the concert was on behalf of Free French War Needs.

An interesting symbolic fact was that Mr. Schmitz's program, entirely devoted to French pianoforte music covering a span of almost 250 years, contained work by composers, nearly all of whom had fought for freedom in their own domain. Rameau, Couperin, Daquin, Ravel, Debussy, Chabrier, Saint Saens, Milhaud, may each be classified as men who fought for individual expression of a truly

national character. Greatest of all was of course Debussy, whose case was singular, in that though more than any French composer he had been subject to foreign influences, his own music was so distinctively French that when it commenced to win recognition the chief objection to him was that his style and methods were un-Italian and un-German—free French in truth, developed in the alembic of his own genius.

A Great Interpreter

Mr. Schmitz, who, in addition to being a pianist of a high order, is a learned lecturer and essayist, could develop this theme more lavishly than I, and the thought was probably in his mind in choosing his program. A Parisian born in 1889 he spent his formative years amid influences which were changing French music into something entirely different from what it had been prior to 1890, something newer, richer, more vivid and more distinctively individual. Since 1920 his life has been divided between France and America and he became President of "Pro Musica" which originated in the earlier Franco-American Music Society. It was in this capacity that he induced his friend Maurice Ravel to come to America on a not very successful tour. What a difference there would have been in public interest had Ravel already composed "Bolero"—what a box office draw a concert proclaimed as by the creator of "Bolero" would have been. However, that was neither here nor there.

The interest of Mr. Schmitz is primarily in piano music and his interpretative powers are superb. His touch is of fine quality and his clean-cut expressive style in passages of the most intricate difficulty, is fascinating. Few pianists are so skilled and discerning in presenting what is known as the "line" of a composition; lustrous intellectual character pervades his renderings of music by his fellow countrymen. His use of touch is very subtle. He does not seek merely a warm, ingratiating effect, but tonal nuances that will bring out the inner meaning of the work before him. For instance I have never heard quite so fine a rendering of Debussy's celebrated piece "The Engulfed Cathedral" in which contours of the tone picture were revealed with the suggestion of mirage.

Debussy's Interests

In this program it was clear that the genius of Debussy outshone other French composers for the pianoforte.

past or present. The musical world has long since, unconsciously as it were, realized this. Debussy has become a piano classic, an almost indispensable factor in the building of recital programs. The reason is that while his compositions are absolutely individual they are of the same high distinction as those of men like Chopin and Schumann. While all music lovers are familiar with his name, surprisingly few are familiar with the details of his life, profoundly interesting in respect of his contacts with the celebrities of his time; and a personal concentration on his own ideas.

He was a man of many aesthetic enthusiasms. Not only Wagner but Moussorgsky, at that time hardly known outside Russia, fascinated him; as did the British pre-Raphaelite school of poetry and painting. Yet everything Debussy's eclectic mind picked up became so transmuted and adapted to his own use that he was amply justified in signing himself (as he did in later years) "Claude Debussy, musicien français". His friend the great Italian poet Gabriele d'Annunzio called him "Claude de France".

Picturesque and Varied

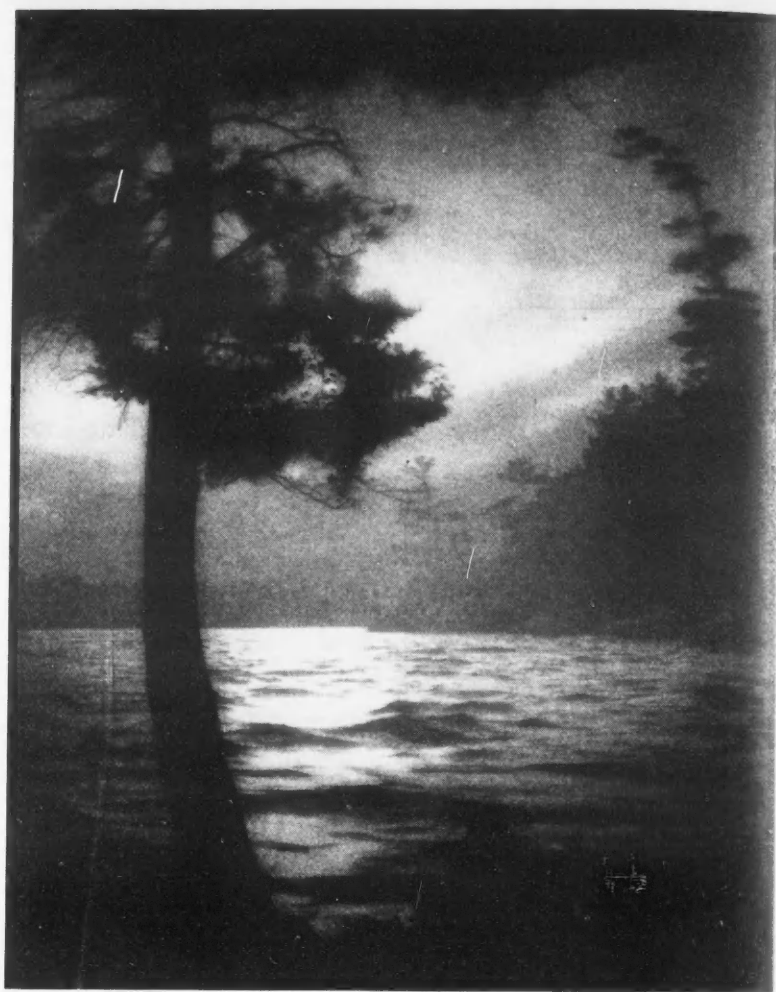
Mr. Schmitz's Debussy selections were delightfully picturesque and varied. It is said that "La Puerta del Vino", was suggested by a picture post-card sent him by Manuel de Falla. For sheer imagination it would be difficult to surpass in short form the piece the pianist translated as "What the West Wind Saw".

The individuality of modern French music was likewise evident in the Ravel group which could hardly have been better interpreted—every bar with the clearness of an etching. The pianist's rendering of the Rigaudon and Toccata from "The Tomb of Couperin" showed what reserves of power he possesses when he chose to draw on them. This was apparent also in the Chopin Etude in Octaves played as an extra number. Mr. Schmitz was justified in claiming that Chopin was a Frenchman at least by adoption.

The early eighteenth century composers represented, Rameau, Francois Couperin and Paquin, were all men of individuality and initiative, organists and harpsichordists who sought to broaden the range of musical expression. Among the later men Chabrier assuredly ranks as one of the pioneers of modern French music; while Milhaud, two of whose Brazilian sketches were heard, is authentically of today. The program closed with a dazzling Toccata of Saint-Saens; and though the latter was essentially international in outlook, in actual result nobody but a French logician could have composed his music.



Eugene Ormandy, genial Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra which comes to Massey Hall, Toronto, on Monday and Tuesday, May 4 and 5.



Selected by public vote as the best picture of the year by members of the "Pictographers Society", the camera composition above has been awarded the SATURDAY NIGHT trophy which is given in annual competition. Author of the prize-winner, "Misty Morn," is K. C. McClelland.

The Farnon Symphony

The first performance outside Toronto of Robert Farnon's Symphony was given by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy at the Academy of Music in that city on the afternoon of Friday, April 25; and repeated on the night of the next day. Canadians who heard the broadcast were delighted by the ovation tendered Mr. Farnon who was introduced after the number was concluded. Mr. Farnon is trumpeter with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra and also widely known through the "Happy Gang" broadcast. It was the writer's third hearing of his work

and its beauty of inspiration and brilliance in scoring for wind instruments were more apparent than ever.

First of the Proms

Hans Kindler who will conduct the opening Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena on Thursday, May 7 at 8.40. He will also appear as guest conductor on May 14 and twice in the fall. Jan Peerce eminent tenor is the soloist at the first concert. The proposed blackout on that date will not interfere with the performance as arrangements have been made so that the lights in the Arena will not be visible outside.

AT THE THEATRE

Earl Carroll Vanities

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

IN COSTUMES (from the neck upwards) gorgeous in design and color, a score of stunning girls paraded and walked delicately (like Agag) on the stage of the Royal Alexandra Theatre this week, doing nothing in particular and doing it very well. Well, hardly nothing, for they paraded over the footlights and down the aisle to make the acquaintance of a half dozen tired business men and a few of the lads in uniform. To sit on the knee of a sailor or an air-man perhaps is a laudable feminine ambition in these times and the kiss of farewell daintily pressed on the brow of a leatherneck may have a hidden symbolism. The people in the neighborhood seemed to enjoy it even more than the defenders of democracy.

Between parades came a series of vaudeville acts; three of which were top-hole. Bob Williams and his trained dog "Red Dust" had the audience in stitches. The first half of the act was cheered by the apparent dullness of the dog who consistently refused to do anything commanded, despite the vast enthusiasm of his owner. No animal could be as stupid as "Red Dust" looked. But in the latter half he astonished everybody including himself.

Rolly Rolls did a burlesque piano-

playing act that had everything and roused a sleepy audience to enthusiasm and Helene Gardner and company provided acrobatics beyond reason. Anna Lee was a contortionist who all but swallowed her own leg. Danny Scholl sang several times on a loud tenor voice, Fay Carroll obliged in a loud soprano, and a couple of midgets cavorted adorably.

Al Norman and the Slate Brothers provided the low comedy, with a little too much reliance on under-the-gags, and danced with amusing eccentricity. The band conducted by Irving Aaronson blasted away at a score that was ninety per cent noise and hadn't a whistling melody in any part of it. The singing was even less interesting musically.

Long ago a good honest burlesque show had something besides legs. W. C. Fields came out of that neighborhood, and not he alone. A whole procession of real comedians followed him to Hollywood. And a vaudeville show (without legs; also long ago) had streaks of cleverness that clung to the memory. Mr. Earl Carroll ought to make up his mind which of these forms of entertainment he intends to follow. As it is, his show has bleak interludes which even legs cannot satisfactorily fill.

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MONDAY, MAY 4th

Church Scene from "Christmas Eve"
Symphony No. 4 - Rimsky-Korsakoff
Festival at the Mardi Gras from
"Petrushka" - Stravinsky
"Pictures at an Exhibition" - Musorgsky

TUESDAY, MAY 5th

Toccata, Intermezzo and Fugue in C maj.
- - - - - Bach-Ormandy
Symphony in D maj. "Prague" - Mozart
Symphony No. 1 - - - - - Farnon
Daphnis & Chloe, Suite No. 2 - Ravel

THE OTHER PAGE

Every Vote Counts

BY MARY QUAYLE INNIS

"NOW what will you have, mother?" Mr. Chandler bent his head toward her, smiling indulgently.

His kindly tone beguiled her into thinking for an instant that he really wanted to know. Old Mrs. Chandler lifted her plate eagerly.

"A little of the stuffing," she said quickly.

"Now mother, you know what the doctor said about spices." His smile covered the hardness of bronze. "But seeing that we don't often have chicken—" He cut a wisp of white meat, a little thicker than paper, and conferred it on her plate. "There you are, mother. Now, boys—"

Old Mrs. Chandler had never liked white meat. Dry, tasteless stuff. Annie padded round, passing the gravy. Old Mrs. Chandler was never allowed to have gravy either. She looked sourly at Annie's rapt face, turned always, no matter what she was doing, in Mr. Chandler's direction.

"What's the matter, mother?" Muriel, her daughter-in-law, asked gently. "A little bread?"

She ate the dry sliver and gave a cough, quickly covered. But Muriel looked at her anxiously. If she could only cough without anybody looking anxious or closing a window. Today, though, she must not be annoyed about anything.

The air crackled with expectancy. Herbert strode into the livingroom after his womenfolk. He looked even bigger than usual and his spectacles glittered eagerly. He had made a special effort to come home for a noon dinner as Muriel had by an answering effort produced roast chicken and pumpkin pie. It was one of Herbert's great days—a civic sacrament, he called it. He faced round just in time to see Herby's legs vanishing up the stairs.

"Boys! Herbert! John! Where are you going?"

They were instantly back in the room, standing apart, dutifully serious.

"I want you to listen," their father began, glittering his spectacles at them. "We cannot begin too soon to develop civic consciousness. In a few years you will be old enough to come with us to the polls. That is the basis of democracy—families—fathers, mothers, children—all over this great land going to the polls to register their choice."

He pulled out a paper and waved it.

"Sit down, mother," Muriel whispered. Old Mrs. Chandler sat down and shut her eyes but Herbert did not notice.

For weeks he had attended meetings, studied records, asked intelligent questions and persisted in getting intelligent answers. He had his slate ready. He gave them the record of each candidate. The boys did not once look at one another but pipes of mirth ran down their lean young bodies. Herbert did not notice. When he got wound up, he noticed hardly anything. But when he was half through the record of Mr. Hagenbeck, who wanted to be mayor, he stopped suddenly. The boys stiffened and old Mrs. Chandler opened her eyes.

"Where's Annie?" he demanded.

"Why, she's clearing up," Muriel murmured. She hurried out.

Annie came and stood, drying her hands, in the doorway. Herbert began over again for her benefit.

Old Mrs. Chandler, smothering a cough, looked irritably from Muriel to Annie. There was something alike in their rapt faces as they listened to Herbert. Annie's mouth was open and if Muriel kept hers shut, her mind gaped like a cellar door. It was all right to be a devoted wife but Muriel carried the thing too far. But of course she was devoted to Herbert too. He was her only son. No son could be kinder to his old, widowed mother. But what a wall of prohibitions he had built round her since she came to live with him. She had nothing left of her own. They heard her turn in the night and made Annie reverse her mattress next morning. Herbert had been a bossy little boy. Muriel said he had a strong personality. She said he was a leader.

Now the lecture was over and Herbert drew out slips of paper on which he had clearly lettered the names of the candidates for whom they were to vote.

"Of course each citizen in a democracy must make his own decision as to whom to vote for, but not everyone can give the matter as deep study as I have done. You've gone to several meetings with me, Muriel, so your slip is only a reminder."

"Thank you, Herbert," his wife said earnestly.

"Boys, you may go now. But remember what I've said." They were gone.

"Mother, you and Annie haven't had time to give the matter the serious study it deserves but I have explained it to you briefly. Here, Annie. Are there any questions?"

Annie accepted the slip, as though it were holy writ, mumbling gratefully.

"Here, mother. Read it over and make certain you will recognize the names. Better take it to the poll with you."

Annie beamed and hurried off for her things. Old Mrs. Chandler started for Muriel was saying in a low, anxious voice.

"Really, Herbert, mother ought not to go out in this cold. She's been coughing a lot lately. We can't risk her getting bronchitis again."

Herbert frowned. "I haven't heard her cough," he said sharply. He boasted that no qualified member of his family ever missed voting.

"She tries to hide it, so as not to worry you. But really her cough is quite bad. And the air is raw."

"It's warmer this noon," old Mrs. Chandler ventured. She came close to them, looking entreatingly into her son's face.

"We've got to support Hagenbeck," he said sternly. "You know I explained."

"Yes but if mother isn't well enough." Her one vote can't—"

He glared at his wife, towering over her, his voice rising fiercely.

"Muriel, after all I've taught you, to say such a thing as that! I'm surprised at you. Every vote counts! Every vote! Not one must be lost."

Muriel's face was scarlet. "Oh yes, I know. I'm sorry, Herbert. I only meant mother's health—"

"Doing her civic duty won't injure her health. It's up to mother herself. Do you feel—"

"Oh yes, Herbert. I feel fine. I want to go!"

Herbert beamed. His mother, not always as co-operative as he could wish, seemed unusually intelligent and responsive today. He had noticed that it was always so on election day. It bore out his theory that civic functioning ennobled the citizen. He put his arm around her shoulders.

"Good for you, mother! I believe you look forward to election day."

"Oh yes, Herbert. I do." She looked ten years younger.

L. M. MONTGOMERY'S LAST POEM

THE sudden and lamented death of L. M. Montgomery (Mrs. Ewan Macdonald), the beloved author of "Anne of Green Gables," lends a poignant additional interest to the verses which SATURDAY NIGHT received from her only three weeks before her death, and which were scheduled for publication in this issue before her death was announced. In the letter which forwarded them the author wrote:

"In one of my books, 'Rilla of Ingleside,' a poem is mentioned, supposed to have been written and published by Walter Blythe before his death in the Great War. Although the poem had no real existence hundreds of people have written me asking me where they could get it. It has been written but recently, but seems to me even more appropriate now than then."

THE PIPER

ONE day the Piper came down the glen.

Sweet and long and low played he.

The children followed from door to door.

No matter how those who loved might implore.

So wiling the song of his melody.

As the song of a woodland rill.

Some day the Piper will come again.

To pipe to the sons of the maple tree.

You and I will follow from door to door.

Many of us will come back no more!

What matter that if Freedom still be the crown of each native hill?

L. M. MONTGOMERY.



Hans Kindler, guest conductor at the first Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, Toronto, May 7.

whether her teeth were perfectly comfortable. When they got out of the car, Herbert had recovered his good humor and cried heartily.

"You're good citizens. I'm proud of you all. Especially you, mother. Not many women your age have so much civic spirit!"

Muriel said that she must lie down and rest. Old Mrs. Chandler closed her door, wishing that she dared set a chair against it. Her face was very pink and her eyes danced. She sat on the bed, chewing vigorously, and took off the porridge bowl which Herbert had chosen for her and which hurt her forehead. She breathed deeply, exultantly. Well, she had done it again.

She felt a cough rising in her throat and took from her mouth Herbert's list of names, chewed into a neat little ball. She threw it and it struck Herbert's photograph with a small spot. Muriel would likely hear it and come in. Well, let her. None of them could undo what she had done. Look forward to it! Why, she looked forward to election day the whole year.

She coughed a little and then she was laughing so hard that she had to hide her face in the porridge bowl.

"Every vote counts!" she gasped to herself. "Him and his vote! If he was to find out I vote against him every time!"



Dream Stuff!

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Safety for the Investor

SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 2, 1942

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Just What is Meant by Conscription of Wealth?

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

Kenneth Ketchum

IN TIMES past when a graduate of St. Andrew's College elected to serve in the armed forces the first choice, because of his school's intensely Scottish background, was usually for the Army and, of course, a Highland regiment. Now, however, when St. Andrew's boys join up it is not improbable the Royal Canadian Navy will prove more interesting.

The reason won't be difficult to find. It will simply be that Kenneth Ketchum, one of the most popular headmasters of St. Andrew's, has ever had, is now himself in the Navy where he will continue his school-keeping vocation.

In an announcement to this effect recently, the Board of Governors of St. Andrew's stated that Mr. Ketchum had been "granted leave of absence to accept an active service appointment in the Royal Canadian Navy with the object of filling the position of Director of Studies at the new Canadian Naval College which is to be opened in September."

The announcement added: "Reluctant as the Board is to deprive the college of Mr. Ketchum's services for a period of time, it feels that such a call to important war work is imperative. Also, they appreciate that it is great honor to Mr. Ketchum, as well as honor to the college that the headmaster should be selected for so vital a position."

The new Director of Naval Studies has served at the Aurora, Ontario, college since 1935. Before that he was on the staff of Trinity College School at Port Hope and acted as director of Camp Mazinaw and as a member of the advisory board of Camp Temagami. He is forty years of age and received his education at Toronto Normal Model School, Trinity College, the Royal Naval College of Canada at Esquimalt, B.C., and the University of Toronto from which he graduated in 1928.

During Mr. Ketchum's absence, it is learned, J. C. Garrett will act as headmaster. A graduate of Alberta College, Mr. Garrett was elected a Rhodes Scholar and proceeded to Merton College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by taking a first class honors degree in English language and literature.

L. B. Unwin

PROOF that small beginnings are not necessarily a bar to high success in later life is to be found in the rise of Laurence B. Unwin from a post as a clerk with the Canadian Pacific Railway in 1910 to the important position of head of Canadian Pacific Air Lines Limited in 1942.

The appointment of Mr. Unwin to the presidency of C.P.A.L., one of the largest such organizations in North America was recently announced and met with warm approval from many who are familiar with the life and broad experience of this key figure in Canadian transportation affairs.

Mr. Unwin began working for the Canadian Pacific Railway system at the age of nineteen. He is now only 51 and has been an enthusiastic servant of that world-wide

organization ever since. He was probably "marked", by reason of his enthusiasm, to get on as a railroader, right from the beginning.

His first duties with the line were those of a clerk at Chapleau, Ontario. Here he stayed for three years when promotion came his way in the form of an accountant's post at White River. He was successfully carrying on in his new job when the first Great War broke out. Apparently the young accountant gave little thought to the loss he might possibly suffer in the way of an interrupted career for he was among the first who in 1914 joined up and went overseas. There he quite obviously transferred for the time being his enthusiasm as a railroader to his work as a soldier with the result that he did not stay long in the ranks but rose step by step until he had a major's crown and, incidentally, the Military Cross.

After the war, he returned to Canada and the C.P.R., this time as a statistician. Nine years were spent at that job. In 1928 he was made assistant comptroller at the C.P.R. head office in Montreal and four years later comptroller-in-full. In 1935 he became vice-president and treasurer, to which titles he now adds that of president of Canadian Pacific Air Lines.

The selection of Laurence Unwin as head of C.P.A.L. was a natural outcome of extensive effort on his part toward developing that comparatively new organization. His task was to bring together many air transport companies operating in widely separate parts of the Dominion and make them function successfully as a unit. That he succeeded so well in this program is testimony to his inherent ability to handle complex transportation problems and to the value of a very wide practical knowledge to possess which he has given more than 25 years of hard work.

R. L. Sperber

AMONG announcements of recent executive promotions this one will be of particular interest to advertising men. It concerns the naming of R. L. (Ray) Sperber as vice-president of Sterling Distributors of Windsor, Ontario.

From H. L. Schade, president of Sterling Distributors, it was learned that Mr. Sperber joined that organization in 1936 as advertising manager. Previously he had been account executive with the advertising agency of Thompson-Koch of Cincinnati.

Of Mr. Sperber, the president of Sterling Distributors said: "At the time he accepted the position with us in Canada, our advertising had increased to such an extent it was necessary to create the position of advertising manager and, in view of Ray's experience, he was the logical man for the job. To say that he accomplished this work satisfactorily is to say the least."

But Mr. Sperber was to demonstrate still greater ability. The president of Sterling Distributors went on to say that when his firm's sales manager enlisted in the Forces during the latter part of 1940, the advertising manager then assumed the duty of directing sales in addition to doing his own work and performed it "in a very satisfactory manner."

The new vice-president is 35 years old. He was born in Cincinnati where he lived until going to Windsor six years ago.

AS A SEQUEL to the plebiscite, and an accompaniment to the selective service program, we can expect a revival of discussion on the subject of conscription of wealth. And the need of the government for more money will give point to the argument. A few months ago it was able to say that funds were adequate for all of the men that could be used and all of the equipment that could be made. Since then, the economic side of our war effort has been advanced several notches. The financing tends to lag, however, in spite of huge war loans already floated. The government now appeals for a doubling of subscriptions to bonds and savings certificates.

The whole question of war financing is confused by the intermingling of social and financial motives. If we could ever agree that the job is merely to pay for the war without regard for the social consequences, or else that the job is to reconstruct our society first and then turn it loose on the war, the problem would be clearer. Of course the obvious and practical view is that, having been hurled into a task of such immensity, we should meet it with as little disturbance as possible. But this line of thought brings us smack up against the fact that a war demanding 50 per cent of our national output can not be handled without a complete reorganization of our life, so that a social upheaval is inevitable. Therefore, say the proponents of the second view, let us face the facts, eliminate the parasites and wasters, and we will get further in the long run. Who the parasites and the wasters are, is another matter. But

BY WILLIAM WESTON

Conscription of wealth on the same basis as men are drafted for the army or for industrial work need not cause fear to investors or owners. What they do fear is the design of some politicians to bring about confiscation in the guise of conscription. But so long as the government depends upon voluntary thrift to curtail consumption, it can not afford to seize the savings that have already been accumulated.

Thus we find that labor and capital, which so often are reputed to be enemies, really have a common cause in the preservation of their respective freedoms.

every one believes that there are some.

Such views naturally enter into any discussion of the conscription of wealth. Indeed, they largely govern it. Thus anyone who believes in the maintenance of the status quo will favor the raising of the money as well as of the men by voluntary means as long as possible, and, that if some degree of compulsion has to be adopted, it should be definitely limited to the war. Proponents of social reform, on the other hand, are free to adopt or to reject any kind of conscription, according to their individual lights on what kind of a society is desirable. There are at least some who believe that the destruction of accumulated wealth, along with all the security and power with which it vested its owners, should be a first objective, to sort of clear the slate for a new order which might avoid distinctions based on wealth, or at least enable them to be built anew.

Likewise the parallel between conscription of labor and conscription of

wealth is apt to be more confusing than helpful. Labor is essentially personal and inseparable from the individual who, moreover, has only one life of labor to give for his country; yet labor has extremely wide variations in value. Wealth, on the other hand, can be expressed in the common denominator of money and it may be viewed rather impersonally because it is not identified with individual life. Thus to procure from the government must at least enable the individual to live, and this assures the worker, even under the most drastic conscription, of at least a living. Moreover, the recognition that skill and energy are dependent upon adequacy of living, leads to as high a minimum standard as circumstances permit. Thus Germany, Britain and the other warring nations in striving for the maximum output, are at the same time seeking the highest efficiency on the part of workers, and this demands more than a bare minimum of existence.

The individual owners of wealth,

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

Our Newest War Industry

BY P. M. RICHARDS

A PLEASANT thought in the midst of our struggle for wartime efficiency is that after the war is won we shall find that our striving has given us some very important and valuable by-products.

A wartime development which has had little public attention as yet—much less than it deserves, in view of its possible effects not only on the war effort itself but on our future way of life—is in the concentration of foods by dehydration. While, of course, this did not originate during the war, it has remained for the war to press its development, and this has proceeded until the potentialities now seem to be great indeed.

Dehydration's chief importance in wartime is as a means of saving vitally-necessary shipping space. How big the potentialities are here is evidenced by the fact that if dehydrated foods had been available, and assuming that they had been used whenever possible, U.S. food shipments to Britain valued at eight hundred million dollars and weighing seven billion six hundred million pounds, could have been reduced in shipping weight alone by one billion six hundred million pounds amounting to a saving of eighty ships of ten thousand tons capacity. Apart from this, food concentration is valuable as a means of reducing the space required to store food reserves, and of lengthening the life of such reserves.

Progress in Canada, U.S.

According to "Food in Canada", the present demand for dehydrated vegetables both in Canada and Britain is quite limited, but great progress has been made with dehydration processes and as the availability of foods so treated increases, as well as the understanding of their usefulness, it is expected that the demand will increase greatly. In view of this probability, the Dominion Government some time ago entered into an agreement with five Canadian firms—two in Nova Scotia, two in Ontario and one in British Columbia, all equipped for some type of dehydration to process a limited tonnage of available vegetables. The results of tests of the products have been very favorable.

Until only a few weeks ago, dehydration was confined to vegetables and fruits, but, as the result of research, meats are also now being treated. The Wall Street Journal reports that co-operation between the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Meat Institute in Chicago, representing leading U.S. meat packers, has resulted in the successful treatment of beef, mut-

ton and goatsmeat. Pork, it is said, will probably never prove susceptible to dehydration, because of the high fat content which soon turns rancid.

Across the border a tremendous increase has been brought about in the production of dried eggs and milk. One pound of dried whole eggs is the equivalent of three dozen liquid eggs. A 5-pound can of dried chicken soup makes 25 gallons of the liquid variety, and the same is true of a vegetable soup mix which contains soy beans, grits, barley, green peas, yellow peas, rice carrots, sugar and spices. The content of a 4-pound can of tomato soup powder will make 16 servings of 8 ounces each when water is added.

Among the fruits, a recent development is the dehydration of lemons into crystals for lemonade, useful not only for its refreshment value but for the vitamins it contains.

The Shift to Dehydration

The U.S. canning industry is stated to be now shifting over to dehydration whenever possible. A Philadelphia firm which makes dehydrating machinery is swamped with orders. The U.S. cost of a dehydrating plant is estimated at \$10,000 for one unit which will produce about 1,000 pounds of food a day. This is stated to be not a good rule of thumb, however, because vegetables dry at different ratios.

One of the largest international tea companies has gone in for dehydration in a big way in its New Jersey plant. On the other hand, one of the largest U.S. soup companies has only utilized dehydration for the manufacture of feeds, as a by-product.

One of the most perplexing problems of dehydration experts is to decide on the proper stage of maturity at which to dehydrate a vegetable. So far, no vegetables which are woody and fibrous have turned out to be satisfactory for dehydration purposes. Another question still unanswered is whether certain varieties of vegetables will produce equally satisfactory dehydrated products if grown in different sections of the country.

Packaging the concentrated foods has presented a problem in view of the shortage of tin. Paper cartons, treated with various chemicals and wax coatings, which are virtually moisture-proof and are not subject to deterioration under temperature extremes, have been developed. One of the great storage problems is in insect penetration, especially in tropical climates.



on the other hand, have not this live stock brand of protection. Any government so disposed could simply seize their property and exterminate them, so that they would no longer consume anything. When conscription descended to slavery, the worker would be safe so long as he could produce more than he consumed, but beyond that point he would be liquidated. No modern governments, so far as is known, have yet fallen so low as to kill off the aged and infirm for the sake of their wealth or to avoid the expense of maintaining them. Even in respect to savings, as represented by wealth, they face the fact that if they seize what has been accumulated, then they destroy the incentive for saving on the part of the workers, and one of the recognized problems of the day is that of persuading those workers to live economically.

For this reason no government could risk any seizure of savings so long as it was depending upon workers to save; that is, it must protect existing wealth in order to foster new savings. What would happen to a pension fund if the authorities abolished the pension rights of each participant just at the moment when he reached pension age, can readily be imagined. For this reason, a government must protect savings or wealth unless and until it is prepared to conscript labor on such terms as will leave the wage-earner with no possible margin for saving. Thus in the final analysis labor and capital share in the common cause of individual liberty.

Misleading Comparison

The conscription of labor itself is confused by superficial or misleading comparisons between pay and other considerations in the army as compared with civilian life. The classical comparison between \$1.10 a day in the army and \$1.10 an hour in munitions work illustrates the partizan penchant for misrepresenting the facts. The \$1.10 per day was, in the last war, the pay of the very lowest rank in the army, while \$1.10 per hour was just about the top for steady factory work. The omission of the "all-found" benefits in the army, to say nothing of dependents' allowances, was even cruder. In the present war the private's pay of \$35 per month, plus any reasonable estimate for food, clothing, medical and dental service, brings us to at least \$75 a month, while dependents' allowances can raise this to \$125 a month even for a private, and these figures certainly are comparable with the wages of many industrial workers. Both pay and allowances in the armed forces rise with rank, up to several thousands of dollars per year. Some individuals lose but others certainly gain, through conscription for either army or industrial life, but to imply that there is any wide financial gap in the fact of conscription, for either purpose, as compared with the wages of free enterprise, is not justified.

Wealth, apart from the small proportion which is represented by circulating money, deposits and the

other items which provide fluidity, is in farms, buildings, machines and other tangible, concrete forms. Part of this, again, is in process of consumption, in such articles as furniture and clothing. Still another important part is already publicly owned. In Canada, where public ownership is prominent, probably not more than half of the total wealth is productive and privately owned and therefore of value for conscription. On any plan corresponding to that applied to labor, or as used for the expropriation of individual property in the past, the owners would have to be fairly compensated in money or negotiable government bonds.

Gain to Government?

Whether this would mean a financial gain to the government, at the expense of the ex-owner, is problematical. As things are now, private enterprise is allowed to make what it can in the way of gross profit, but this profit is subject to such heavy corporate and excess profits taxes in the first instance, and to individual income taxes in the second instance, that a relatively small part seeps through to the owner's net benefit. The problems and perils of investment and private enterprise today are such that a large proportion of the owners would gladly accept the haven of fixed interest government bonds bearing a fair rate, if they had any assurance that this rate would be maintained and that they would be fairly treated otherwise. Such a form of conscription would launch us into state socialism, in which the government would reap all of the profits and incur all of the losses of enterprise, but would have to provide the interest benefits to those who by their thrift, past and present, had provided the capital goods.

Many advocates of state socialism view it as a means by which the individual can be divested of the power of wealth, but not necessarily of its benefits. That is, they have no desire to stop his income, but instead they would see that he no longer has the power to hire or fire workers, to raise or lower prices, to expand or liquidate business, at his own sweet will. These functions would be vested in the government and its appointees.

To others, however, state socialism is an end in itself, and at the same time a means to another end—a redistribution of wealth at an even more rapid pace than is now being effected. They recognize that so long as there is private ownership of capital goods there will be some economic power in the hands of capitalists in spite of all controls, and there will be loopholes for individual benefits in spite of the tax structure. In short, you can not entirely wipe out the benefits of individual ownership. But once all this private ownership were converted into mere government paper, the ownership could be so traced and controlled that, beyond whatever limit the state cared to allow, the rights would be worthless. The suggestions in the United States to expropriate all individual incomes

over \$25,000 a year or thereabouts is an illustration, even though it is liberal enough for most of us. In Canada the C.C.F. party is avowedly after "accumulations" of wealth; it used to be after wealth of any kind, but now that it has secured the support of many middle class people who have some means and fair incomes, it has studiously shifted its spear-head of attack to the larger fortunes implied by the term accumulation.

The question whether the property, or the documents representing ownership of the property, should be conscripted, is superficial. Obviously if a factory with all of its equipment, accounts receivable and bank accounts is taken over by the state, the owners have nothing left but their scraps of paper, while if the documents are seized, then both rights and property are gone. Thus for wholesale seizure, there would be no difference. But if a government chose to expropriate a percentage of capital, then it would have to leave the properties intact and proceed instead on an individual basis, as represented by shares and other documents.

A levy on bank deposits, which some people regard as an imminent danger, is a matter on which the government has to be chary. Considering the variety of ways in which wealth is found, it would be a very crude and unjust form of wealth conscription. The mere suggestion of it would cause a run on the bank, which could be easily met in these days of unsecured paper money, but it would seriously disturb the delicately balanced financial machinery. There would be only a fleeting advantage

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in grabbing bank deposits as at a certain date, if the goose which laid this golden egg vanished immediately thereafter. The government would prefer to preserve the bank accounts

as a source for an indefinite series of loan subscriptions. But if these subscriptions are to be on a larger scale, it will have to inspire thrift to a corresponding degree.



SAVE
FOR
CANADA

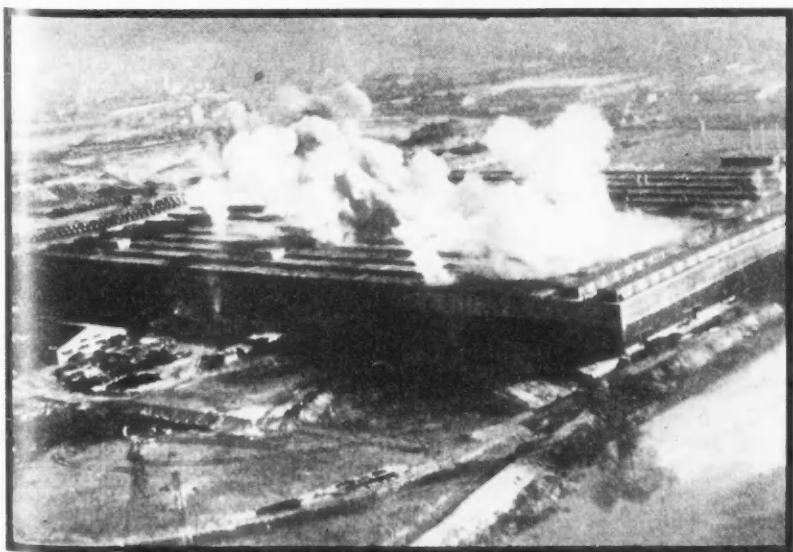
Save something regularly,
because: You strengthen Canada's
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You help finance purchases in Canada
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thrift that safeguards your future.
You open for yourself the door to
opportunity. And you smooth the
path for post-war readjustments.

Money in the bank gives you a
comforting sense of security.

To Save is Practical Patriotism

THE CHARTERED BANKS
OF CANADA



Not long ago the RAF found this factory an excellent target for their bombs. It is (or was) the Matford motor works at Poissy on the outskirts of Paris. A low altitude raid by the RAF enabled the placing of several bombs in the interior of the plant and resulted in a fire which was soon beyond control. In other raids in the same district 350 buildings were destroyed and light, gas and water mains were torn up. Nazis placed at about \$140,000,000 the damage done in these raids.

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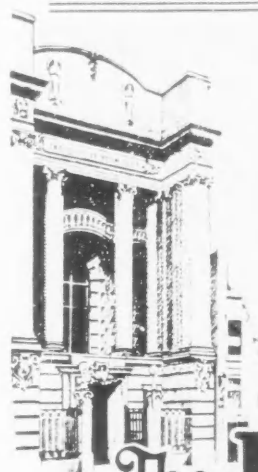
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ASSURANCE COMPANY

ESTABLISHED 1889 — HEAD OFFICE — WATERLOO — ONTARIO

NEW CROWN LIFE OFFICERS



L. M. GILBERT
Agency Supervisor



H. R. LAWSON, F.A.S.
Assistant Actuary

At the April meeting of the Board of Directors of The Crown Life Insurance Company, Mr. L. M. Gilbert was appointed an Agency Supervisor, and Mr. H. R. Lawson Assistant Actuary.

Mr. Gilbert has been a member of the Home Office Staff for over 26 years and has been closely associated with the agency activities of the Company since 1925, following service in several of the other departments. In addition to his new duties, he will continue to supervise field service and advertising.

Mr. Lawson joined the Actuarial Department in 1926 and has been Supervisor of that Department since 1933. He is a Fellow of the Actuarial Society and of the American Institute of Actuaries and a member of the Actuaries' Club of Toronto. He has served as Secretary of this latter body and is at the present time Chairman of its Educational Committee.

GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

CANADA STEAMSHIPS

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Please tell me if Canada Steamships common would be a sound investment. It looks good to me, as the company seems to be doing better than the market price of the stock would indicate.

—V. C. D., New Westminster, B.C.

Canada Steamships common is not in the "sound investment" class; it is a speculation, but, I think, attractive as such at current market prices. For 1941 the company has reported earnings per common share of \$3.26, comparing with \$1.28 for 1940, \$0.99 for 1939 and with deficits (ranging from \$1.05 in 1938 to \$25.72 in 1932) for each of the preceding ten years. These deficits, which are still large in the market's mind, and the fact that the current substantially larger earnings are due in considerable degree to wartime activity, are reasons why the market is currently valuing the stock at only about twice the past year's earnings per common share.

I think the stock is probably a good

gamble at current prices because it seems to me that the company will not only be a good earner in wartime but for a considerable time after the war, and because the company is well managed and in much better shape, both financially and in operating respects, than it was years ago.

NATIONAL MALARTIC

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I hold shares in some of the weak sisters in gold stocks: Moneta, Federal Kirkland, Kirkland Townsite, Sladen Malartic and National Malartic. It has been called to my attention that National Malartic has considerable promise of appreciation and am wondering if it would be a good move to switch all the others to National Malartic.

—E. G., Toronto, Ont.

Substantial ore reserves at National Malartic have been indicated by diamond drilling in the north zone and development of the south zone from the Sladen Malartic workings. Diamond drill indications gave con-

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

CYCLICAL, OR ONE TO SEVERAL-YEAR TREND: American stocks, in our opinion, entered an accumulation area in February 1941, and have subsequently been churning in that area preparatory to eventual major advance.

INTERMEDIATE, OR SEVERAL-MONTH TREND: The New York stock market is currently in process of forming a base, such as those of May-to-June 1940 and February-to-May 1941, from which intermediate advance can be erected. Evidence is lacking that the period of price unsettlement currently attendant on this base formation has ended.

THE RECORD OF THE YEARS

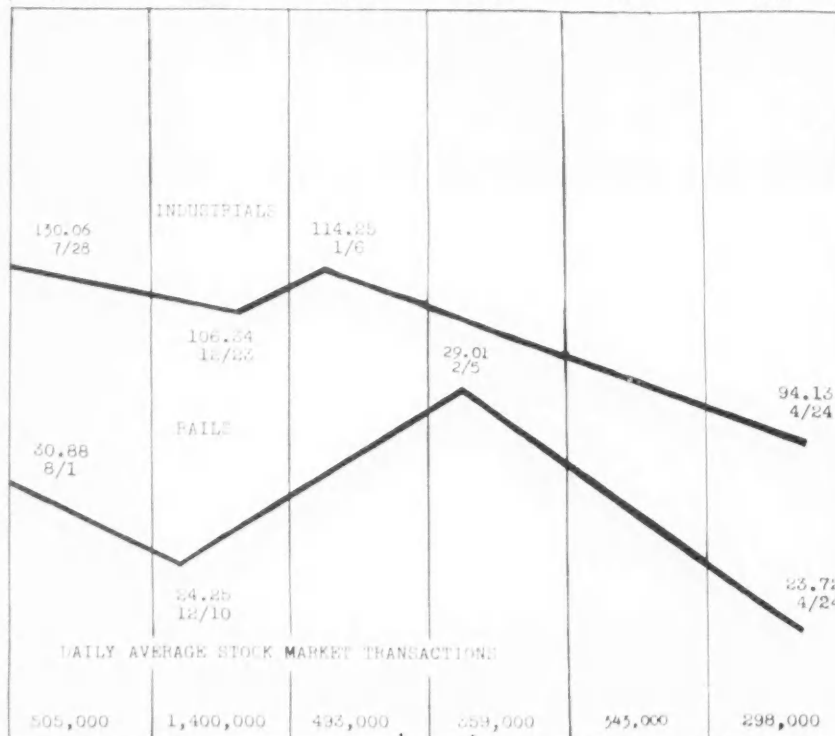
Over the past eleven years, or from 1930 through 1941, there have been 5 years during which stock prices, on balance, declined; 5 years during which they advanced; and 2 years when advance and decline about canceled. The declining years were 1930, 1931, 1934, 1937, 1940. The advancing years were 1933, 1935, 1936, 1938, 1939. Years when stocks moved down and up, or more or less sideways, were 1932 and 1941. Let us examine each of the years in detail as to the point when the prevailing trend of the year's opening months reversed, speaking in terms of the Dow-Jones industrial average.

Declining Years	Advancing Years	Sidewise Years
1930—High point in April	1933—Low point in Feb'y	1932—Low point in July
1931—" " " Feb'y	1935—" " " Mar.	1941—" " " May
1934—" " " Feb'y	1936—" " " Mar.	1940—" " " and Dec
1937—" " " Mar.	1938—" " " April	
1940—" " " Jan'y	1939—" " " April	

One thing that seems to stand out clearly in the above data has been the tendency of the stock market, as reflected by the industrial list, to register its reversal between January and April in a year that is to witness a decisive movement, whether such move be up or down. That is, rallies culminating at some point in the opening 4 months of the years 1930, 1931, 1934, 1937, and 1940 were followed by substantial decline, whereas declines culminating in the first 4 months of the years 1933, 1935, 1936, 1938, and 1939 were followed by substantial advance. This uniform action suggests that if the year 1942 is to prove an up year, on balance, then the turn in the market should come not later than this week. To the contrary, any carry-over of the current decline into late spring or summer would suggest, from the technical approach, a year more like 1932 or 1941. From either approach, we would regard the period of current weakness as an opportunity for the further accumulation of selected issues.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES

NOV. DEC. JAN. FEB. MAR. APR.



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C. P. ROBERTS, F.C.A.
W. F. HOUSTON, A.C.A.
Chartered Accountants

Toronto Kirkland Lake



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DIVIDEND NO. 316

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF TWO DOLLARS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of the Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after MONDAY the FIRST day of JUNE next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th April, 1942.

By Order of the Board

JACKSON DODDS G. W. SPINNEY
General Manager General Manager
Montreal, 21st April, 1942.

LOBLAW GROCETERIAS CO. LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 25 cents per share and a bonus of 12 cents per share on the Class "A" shares of the Company has been declared for the quarter ending May 31st, 1942, payable on the 1st day of June, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 30th day of May, 1942. The transfer books will be closed. Payment will be made in Cash.

By Order of the Board,

R. G. MEECHAM Secretary
Toronto, April 23rd, 1942.

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares of the Company has been declared payable on the 2nd day of July, 1942, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of June, 1942.

By order of the Board,

W. C. BUTLER, Secretary
Toronto, Ontario,
April 22nd, 1942.

THE LONDON LETTER

What's doing in Great Britain? You can depend on P.O.D., SATURDAY NIGHT'S resident correspondent, to keep you informed and entertained all in the same breath.

The Publishers

SATURDAY NIGHT,
The Canadian Weekly

ABOUT INSURANCE

How British Insurance Serves in Wartime

BY GEORGE GILBERT

Besides investing all available funds in Government War Loans, the British insurance companies and Lloyd's underwriters are also rendering the nation very valuable service in the sphere of economic warfare and in the administration of schemes initiated by the Government and concerned with War Risks Compensation.

At the present time and with a depleted staff due to war service, there is no insurance organization in Britain that is not dealing day by day with a large volume of business which is purely Governmental and which is being handled on a basis that precludes any profit to companies, underwriters, agents or brokers.

TO OBTAIN a clear understanding of the service rendered the nation by the insurance industry in Great Britain in wartime as well as in peacetime, it must be realized that British insurance is not a local but an international business which in its development has penetrated into practically every part of the world. This has enabled it to furnish especially valuable assistance to the Government in the sphere of economic warfare.

Some details of the work of the joint insurance committee composed of insurance company representatives and Lloyd's underwriters, known as the Trading with the Enemy Joint Insurance Committee, have recently been made public in an address by General Manager Arthur E. Morgan of the London Assurance before the Insurance Institute of London, Eng.

As he pointed out, there has not been a territory anywhere which has not come under review by the British Ministry of Economic Warfare and these insurance representatives to good purpose so far as the prosecution of the war in the economic sphere is concerned. Under what is known as the Ship Warrant system, a control of shipping has been established which would not otherwise have been possible and which has made easier the sea transport of what Britain needs and at the same time has made more difficult the sea transport of what the enemy wants.

U.S. Support Needed

While this system has operated as an important factor in the stultification or frustration of enemy economy, it was realized by the Committee from the outset that the Ship Warrant plan would be seriously impaired if only insurance through British sources was withheld. It was, in fact, essential that the United States insurance market should also withhold insurance facilities.

But this was a difficult problem to solve when it was first posed, because the United States was not then a belligerent, and the acceptance of the British Ship Warrant system meant a subscription to a war effort that Great Britain was making, and one that was vital to its survival, but not necessarily of immediate interest to the United States.

However, to the everlasting credit of the United States shipping and insurance interests, when once the system was explained to them with its full implications from the standpoint of Britain's security, they accepted it, said Mr. Morgan, and loyally carried it out. At the present time, with the United States in the war as a belligerent, the situation has become intensified, and there is now a joint United States and British Warrant, of which the British Warrant was the foundation.

Some other ways in which British insurance is concerned with the war effort were also referred to by Mr. Morgan. He mentioned the names of various committees composed of individuals associated with the tariff companies, the independent companies and Lloyd's underwriters, the titles of which convey a good idea of the work which they are performing. Those named were the War Damage Advisory Committee, the Compensation Defense Act Committee, the Ministry of Information Committee, and

the Food Salvage Committee. He said there were many others.

No Profit Sought

These committees exist and operate quite apart from contacts in the insurance market which are directly made either with Lloyd's underwriters or the insurance companies by twenty Government Departments or sections of Government Departments which at one time or another, and most of them continuously, seek their service and assistance.

No part of the British insurance industry throughout the period of the war, said Mr. Morgan, has ever sought any profit for its service, and has only been concerned with what it can do and not with what it can receive. As far as man-power is concerned, it has given freely and in certain directions not without difficulty to itself.

Once the younger men in the business had joined the armed forces, every further such drain on the staff, he said, meant an impingement on its technical efficiency, unless adjustments could be made which in large part meant the doing without in wartime of what had been and what will again be considered to be essential for the proper conduct of the business in peacetime.

Further, he said, such staff as has been left has had imposed upon it and has accepted the imposition willingly and cheerfully—the administration of schemes initiated by the Government and concerned with War Risks Compensation. There is no organization in the insurance business, he added, that is not concerned day by day with a large volume of work which is purely Governmental and which is being handled on a basis that precludes any profit accruing to the insurance companies, Lloyd's underwriters, brokers or agents. Continuously, he said, they are being asked to do more and more, and continuously they accept the obligation.

Insuring Supplies

Mr. Morgan also referred to two underwriting arrangements which had been made between the Government and the insurance companies and Lloyd's underwriters. One was what is known as the Associated Fire Insurers (Government Commodities) Scheme, and the other was the Food and Supply Marine Insurance Scheme. The first deals with fire and allied risks in connection with commodities which the Government owns or has responsibility for, and the second deals with marine insurance in respect of pretty much the same commodities, or, more precisely, that part of them which is sea borne.

For this insurance the Government pays a premium to the companies and Lloyd's underwriters, and the companies and underwriters assume the underwriting liabilities and the expenses of operation which are spread proportionately over the whole insurance market. The schemes are operated separately. With regard to the underwriting experience under the fire insurance scheme, some information was recently furnished in answers to questions in the British House of Commons.

Replying to one question, Sir Andrew Duncan, Minister of Supply, stated that the claims settled up to December 31, 1941 on stocks of raw

material under his control insured against fire risks under this scheme amounted roughly to 25 per cent of the premiums paid to that date. In addition, he said, there were certain claims outstanding and that certain heavy claims had accrued since that date. Answering a similar question with respect to the insurance carried on foodstuffs owned or controlled by the Ministry of Food under this scheme against fire risks on land, Major Lloyd George said that during the period from the commencement of the scheme on April 1, 1940, to December 31, 1941, the claims had amounted to about 87 per cent of the premiums. This takes account, he added, of the premiums payable and an estimate of the claims outstanding on December 31, 1941.

These arrangements for insuring Government or Government controlled property with the insurance companies and Lloyd's underwriters, it is to be noted, are based on minimum cost of operation which eliminates commissions, brokerages, and the like from the transactions.

Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I would like to obtain a report on the present position of the Portage la Prairie Mutual Insurance Company of Manitoba as regards assets and liabilities and the protection afforded those who insure with it. How long has the company been in business? Does it operate under Dominion or Provincial charter?

—F. D. S., Calgary, Alta.

Portage la Prairie Mutual Insurance Company was incorporated and commenced business in 1884 under Manitoba charter and license, but since 1930 it has been operating under Dominion charter and license, and maintains a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable and the company is safe to do business with.

At December 31, 1941, its total admitted assets were \$868,591, while its total liabilities, including unearned premium reserve on Dominion Government standard of \$152,552, a reserve for contingencies of \$25,000 and an investment reserve of \$70,000, amounted to \$352,161, showing a net surplus of \$516,430 over unearned premium reserve, contingency reserve, investment reserve and all liabilities. The net surplus shows an increase for the year of \$50,012. Comparing the amount of the net surplus with the amount of the unearned premium reserve, it will be seen that the company occupies a strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted. In addition, the company holds \$672,245 of unassessed premium notes which are not taken into account in the balance sheet but are treated as contingent assets only.

Editor, About Insurance:

Would you kindly advise if the Dominion of Canada General Insurance Co. would be a suitable company with which to place Life Insurance?

—H. M. G., Durham, Ont.

Dominion of Canada General Insurance Company is an old-established and strong Canadian company. It has been in business since 1887, and operates under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed for the transaction of life insurance among other classes of insurance, and maintains a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to insure with.

Editor, About Insurance:

As a subscriber to your paper, I will appreciate it very much if you



Among the many guns being turned out by Canadian ordnance factories, one of the largest is the 3.7" anti-aircraft gun which hurls a 55 lb. shell over six miles. The gun weighs almost as much as a standard city bus and costs five times as much. Here are some of the 3.7" barrels.

will give me your opinion or any information you may have that will be of interest, concerning the Canadian Woodmen of the World. I am particularly interested in knowing whether or not one could be reasonably sure of collecting on one of their policies should it become a claim.

B. D. J., Nanaimo, B.C.

The Canadian Woodmen of the World, with head office at London, Ont., has been in existence since 1893, and operates under Dominion charter and registry. It is regularly licensed as a fraternal benefit society, and maintains a deposit with the Government at Ottawa for the pro-

tection of Canadian policyholders exclusively.

At the beginning of 1941, the latest date for which Government figures are available, its total assets were \$2,083,036, while its total liabilities amounted to \$1,699,041, showing a surplus of \$383,995 over policy reserves, investment and contingency reserves and all liabilities. In 1940 its total income was \$211,985, while its total disbursements amounted to \$178,966.

As it operates on an actuarial basis and maintains reserves on all policies in force, it is safe to insure with for fraternal insurance, and all claims are readily collectable.

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SATURDAY NIGHT

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Britain's Inflation Worries

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent
in London

In Britain there is a school of opinion which holds that inflation would be justified by the advantages it would bring to British exporters.

Mr. Layton asserts that this view is wrong, not only because no single section of a modern economy can profit by the discomfiture of the rest, but also because true analysis shows that inflation would hardly confer even a short-term advantage to exports.

WHEN inflation gets its grip on a country, the national currency declines in terms of goods and services, in terms of its own standard—generally gold—and in terms of foreign currencies, unless they for their sins are inflating at an equal rate. It is an advantage to export industries if their national currency is relatively cheap vis-à-vis the currencies of the buying markets. These are plain, self-evident propositions, and no one disputes them. What is curious is the twist of thought which argues on to the belief that inflation in Great Britain would be a good thing for exports, even if not so good for the country as a whole. There is a school of opinion, small but fanatically firm, which is saying, in effect, that inflation would bring fortuitously to British exporters the sort of advantage that in the bad old days certain immoral governments secured for their traders by deliberate exchange depreciation. It is important for export industry to understand the fundamental fallacy in this opinion.

The basic fact about a modern community is that no single section of its trade and industry can profit by the discomfiture of the rest. For a month, or a year, or maybe five years, a selected industry could indeed be supported by the penalization, by means of subsidy or uneco-

nomie tariff, of the rest of the community. But in the long run the interdependence of all branches of a nation's enterprise will assert itself. This is the true totalitarianism of the twentieth century, that each for all and all for each is not merely "cricket" but also good business, good economics and good politics. Therefore, no one could say that inflation would confer lasting benefit upon the export industries without saying that inflation is a good thing all round. And it plainly is not that.

No Real Gain

But it should also appear on a true analysis that inflation could hardly confer even a short-term advantage to exports. It is certain that a downward adjustment of the money-goods ratio would lower sterling in any free international exchange market, but it is equally certain that it would raise the cost of production by at least a similar degree. Experience does not show that external currency depreciation, which is the export benefit, develops under inflation to a greater extent than internal cost appreciation, which is an export burden. And in the case of Great Britain the debit side of the balance-sheet is particularly weighted by the fact that by far the great-

est part of the raw material for her finished exports is imported.

A country like Russia or the United States might, if it were so inclined, distort the price-level equation between trading countries, on which exchange rates are ultimately based, so as to give their exporters a true advantage. Because they produce themselves the raw materials for their exports. But if Britain were to inflate seriously, the cost of importing commodities and materials would be jumped-up by the decline of the pound to a point where, other things being equal, the fall in the selling price in overseas markets would just about be cancelled out. And other things are not equal. The inflated price of labor and machinery and transport, and, too, of finance, would be added to the inflated price of the import, and against their combined exertions the offering of a depreciated exchange would appear meagre indeed.

When this war is won the first big economic need of Britain will be to revive her overseas markets, and the recent establishment of a Department of Post-War Planning at the Department of Overseas Trade showed that the Government is not blind to the importance of preparing now for action then. It is just as necessary for exporters themselves to visualize the conditions in which they will be able to operate most effectively the great resuscitation offensive. They would do well to reflect on the proposition that goodwill is a better salesman than currency depreciation, and that goodwill is by manufacturing ingenuity out of market research.

The inevitable concentrations and limitations of war cannot but hinder the trading attitude, as well as the productive apparatus, necessary for the satisfaction of multifarious markets abroad. It is more important, vastly more important, that British export industry should prepare now to regain both these essentials of successful export than that it should concern itself with considering what financial and economic developments might grant a gratuitous solution of its post-war problems.

News of the Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

THE grim law of survival of the fittest has made itself felt in the gold mining industry of Canada. The cripples and the physically weak have been falling by the wayside. The peak of gold mining was reached early in 1941 with 160 mines producing gold. Some of these were working on exceedingly thin margins of profit, some, even, struggling along on hope. It is now apparent that by the end of 1942 the number of producers will be less than 130, marking a decrease of about 20 per cent. The casualty list is confined entirely to the weaklings and cripples, and with the larger and physically strong gold mines weathering the pressure of war remarkably well. An important factor in measuring the present status of the gold mining industry of this country is to remember that while the number of producers may decline about 20 per cent, yet the actual decline in production may not amount to more than around eight per cent.

Gold accumulated in the United States during recent years and stored away in vaults has commenced to pay dividends. In recent months the United States has not only been exporting the entire gold production of the nation but has been drawing upon the gold reserves to the extent of an average of around \$10,000,000 a week. The reason is that industry in the United States is geared for war and is not producing goods for export. As a result the heavy imports from South America are creating a growing balance of trade against the United States. This balance has to be taken care of through shipment of gold from the United States. As a consequence of

this trend the efficacy of gold as a medium of exchange has become more firmly implanted in the business economy of the entire western hemisphere. The eagerness with which governments in all parts of the world grasp every opportunity to secure gold appears to be greater now than ever before in history. This fact may be full of important significance. It is a trend which has brought a broad smile to the faces of "the men who toil for gold."

While the weaker gold mines stagger and fall during the period of high cost of operation, a survey of the mines as a whole suggests the larger producers are likely to carry on without much greater shock than that already experienced and that the worst shock has been pretty well absorbed.

MacLeod-Cockshutt Gold Mines milled 20,974 tons of ore during March and produced \$220,012, thereby rounding out a production of \$616,250 for the first quarter of 1942 compared with \$554,540 in the first quarter of 1941.

Pickle Crow produced \$586,481 in gold during the first quarter of 1942 compared with \$689,455 in the last quarter of 1941. Mill operations declined from 42,556 tons in the closing quarter of 1941 to 33,602 tons in the first quarter of 1942.

Nickel production from the Sudbury district is expected to show an increase of 1,000,000 lbs. a week during 1942 as compared with 1941, in spite of the fact that the 1941 performance was the highest in the his-

tory of the industry. Canada is believed to be producing 85 per cent of the world's nickel at present. Industry in the United States is believed to be currently consuming approximately 65 per cent of the en-

tire nickel output of the world. Copper production in Canada during 1942 is expected to increase about 75,000,000 lbs. over the output reported for 1941.

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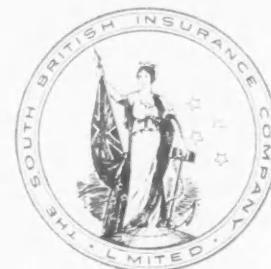
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Montreal Tramways Company

ANNUAL REPORT

For Year Ended 31st December, 1941

Report of the President and Directors

FOR THE YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1941

TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

Your Directors herewith submit their Annual Report for the year 1941.

Revenue: Operating Revenue—Tramways \$13,508,454.84

—Autobus 2,947,597.80 \$16,456,052.64

Expenses: Tramways Operating Expenses \$6,470,488.22

Maintenance and Repairs 3,033,692.38 9,504,180.60

Autobus Operating Expenses 2,001,195.77

Depreciation 476,543.96 2,477,739.73

Taxes (other than Income Taxes) 290,092.82 12,571,973.15

Net Operating Revenue \$3,884,079.49

Other Income: Interest on Marketable Securities, Call Loans, etc. 99,346.61

Dividends 50,443.95 149,790.56

Other Deductions: Interest on Bonds 2,360,815.75

Exchange 249,756.96 2,610,572.71

Amortization of Bond Discount and Expenses 2,630,218.35

Provision for Income and Excess Profits Taxes 255,110.07

Net Income transferred to Surplus \$1,148,543.53

SURPLUS AS AT 31st DECEMBER, 1941

Balance at beginning of period \$901,984.20

Net Income from Profit and Loss Statement 1,148,543.53

Recovered from Contingent Reserve 9,000.00

Balance at end of period \$2,059,527.73

Deduct: Transferred to Depreciation Reserve 500,000.00

Reserve for Financing 263,329.54 763,329.54

Balance at end of period \$1,296,198.29

FINANCIAL

The preceding statements set forth the financial results for the year.

Some time prior to July 1st, 1941, it became apparent that the Company would be unable to make payment of the principal of its First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Thirty-Year Gold Bonds which matured for payment on that date.

Non-payment would create a default under the Trust Deeds securing the bonds, and in view of the Company's covenant contained in the Trust Deeds securing its General Mortgage Bonds that the First Mortgage Bonds would be paid in full at maturity a technical default would have been created under the Trust Deeds securing all Series of the General Mortgage Bonds.

To meet this situation a Scheme of Arrangement was in due course prepared and submitted to meetings of the two classes of Bondholders held on December 10th and 10th, 1941, respectively.

Such Scheme was approved at these meetings by very large majorities and thereafter sanctioned and confirmed by the Chief Justice of the Superior Court. After the necessary publication in the Quebec Official Gazette the Scheme became effective and binding upon the Company and upon all Bondholders as of the 27th of December, 1941.

As affecting the holders of First Mortgage Bonds the principal features of the Scheme are the following:

1. The maturity date of the bonds is extended from July 1st, 1941, to July 1st, 1951, without change as to interest rate or places of currencies of payment.

2. The bonds outstanding are to be reduced from \$23,611,000 to \$19,000,000 and the issue is closed at that amount.

3. A Sinking Fund of \$700,000 is established for the bonds payable annually until the extended date of maturity, the first payment to be made on July 1st, 1942.

4. The bonds are to be redeemable on 30 days notice either in whole or in part at any time prior to their extended maturity date at 100½% and accrued interest.

As affecting the various Series of General Mortgage Bonds the principal features of the Scheme are the following:

1. The Company will create and issue several Series of new General Mortgage Bonds amounting in the aggregate to \$26,047,400 and the issue will be closed at that amount. Maturity date and rates of interest will remain the same.

2. Holders of the presently outstanding General Mortgage Bonds resident outside of Canada on April 17th, 1941, and so resident on December 27th, 1941, when the Scheme became binding will receive in exchange for such holdings new General Mortgage Bonds payable as to principal and interest at the option of the holder in Canadian currency, United States currency or Sterling.

3. Holders resident in Canada will receive new bonds payable as to principal and interest in Canadian funds only.

4. The new General Mortgage Bonds will carry the Sinking Fund during the extended term of the First Mortgage Bonds, but for the year 1952 and following will be entitled to a Sinking Fund in an amount equal to that which would have been payable with respect to the original General Mortgage Bonds.

The results of the Scheme of Arrangement are reflected in certain items of the General Balance Sheet.

The Company's Operating Revenue for the year is \$16,456,052.64 being an increase of \$2,947,597.80 over the previous year. Operating Expenses show an increase of \$2,156,913.75. This increase was due to higher wages and taxes, increased cost of materials and also to the fact that traffic demands required the operation of 1,079,023 additional miles of service as compared with 1940.

The number of revenue passengers for 1941 was as follows:

Tramways 314,909,355

Autobus 45,649,178

Bus 3,013,655

Total 363,572,188

Revenue Passengers, 1940 319,140,726

Revenue Passengers, 1941 363,572,188

Increase 44,431,462

Miles operated were as follows:

1941 27,934,925

1940 27,034,925

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1940 27,034,925

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1940 27,034,925

1941 27,934,925

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1940 27,034,925

1941 27,934,925

1940 27,034,925

NEW BUS GARAGE

A modern bus garage with a capacity for 60 buses was built on Bellechasse Street between St. Dominique and Casgrain Streets. Construction—Steel frame, brick walls; Roof—102 feet clear span, fire-proof. Equipped with special hot-air heating and ventilating system, mechanical bus washer, mechanical hoist and repair pits. Completely sprinkled. At a total cost of \$165,000.00.

All property has been well maintained. The Company won the Maintenance Competition Shield awarded by the Transit Journal to the Company on this Continent showing the best maintenance record during the year.

TRAFFIC

Increased industrial activity, resulting from war conditions, has created greater congestion of traffic, especially during the so-called "Rush Periods" and has added greatly to the difficulties of the movement of our vehicles.

Our narrow streets are now called upon to take care not only of the increased number of vehicles but, also, of the greatly increased numbers of trucks and automobiles using the streets at the same time.

New equipment must, to a large extent, be purchased in the United States and paid for in American Funds. War conditions have restricted or made impossible these purchases.

In August last the Dominion Government appointed a Transit Controller. This official, whose authority extends throughout the Dominion, is endeavouring to provide a remedy for future increased traffic by "staggering hours of work." By this means the "rush hour periods" in the different systems throughout Canada will be spread out or extended and some effective relief provided. If the Transit Controller meets with success this Company will be in a better position to take care of increased traffic.

GENERAL

The Company's employees have subscribed generously to the War Services Funds and have purchased substantial amounts of Victory Bonds and War Savings Certificates.

Your Directors wish to record their appreciation of the faithful and efficient service of the officers and employees of the Company during the past year.

Submitted on behalf of the Board of Directors.

R. N. WATT, President.

General Balance Sheet

AS AT DECEMBER 31st, 1941

ASSETS

Current Assets: Cash on Hand, Demand Deposits \$2,489,129.22

Call Loans 1,975,000.00 4,464,129.22

Marketable Securities, at cost (Market Value \$462,406.25) 461,062.50

Accounts Receivable 78,552.47

Inventories of track and overhead materials, Street Car and Autobus repair parts and supplies, etc., at cost 840,987.42

Accrued Interest Receivable 6,182.19

Investments: Company's own Bonds at cost (Par Value \$23,611,000) 23,611,000.00

Securities of Affiliates 725,248.33

Securities held for account of Guarantee Fund (Market Value \$200,000.00) 200,000.00

Securities held for account of Autobus (Market Value \$397,500.00) 397,500.00

Depreciation and other Reserves 500,000.00

Fixed Assets: Property, Plant and Equipment \$58,064,096.83

Less Reserves 315,887.89

Maintenance and Renewals 5,700,000.00

Depreciation, General 1,339,961.02

Depreciation, Autobus 7,355,818.91

Deferred Charges: Prepaid Taxes 52,837.15

Uniforms—amount applicable 1942 operations 29,319.83

Prepaid Insurance, Rents, etc. 58,847.83

Unamortized Bond Discount and Expenses 144,976.00

Other Assets: Operators' Ticket Advance Account 65,000.00

Notes: Balances due Company under Contract, payable only when earned. On account Financing Allowance \$632,693.70

Verified in accordance with our Report of this date: Montreal, February 24th, 1942.

SHARP, MILNE & CO., C.A., Auditors.

LIABILITIES, CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS

Current Liabilities: Accounts Payable 607,236.35

Accrued Liabilities: Wages 451,506.04

Taxes 121,116.08

Bond Interest 327,962.89

Montreal Tramways Mutual Benefit Association 29,751.23

Other Current Liabilities: Employees' Security Deposits 26,940.86

Funded Debt (After giving effect to the Scheme of Arrangement): *First and Refunding Mortgage 5% Gold Bonds due July 1, 1941 (extended to July 1, 1951) 19,720,000.00

**General Mortgage Sinking Bonds, due April 1, 1955 26,047,400.00

Reserves (In accordance with provisions of Contract): Contingent Reserve 300,000.00

Reserve for Injuries and Damages 180,000.00

Other Reserves 57,034.31

Reserves (For Company's Account): Reserve for future extent 1,365,270.12

Reserve for Redemption of Unpresented Tickets 500,000.00

Reserve for Exchange on U.S. Dollars 209,000.00

Other Reserves 143,733.20

Capital Stock: 70,000 shares of \$100.00 par value 7,000,000.00

Surplus 1,294,198.29

Verifiable in accordance with our Report of this date: Montreal, February 24th, 1942.

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**General Mortgage Sinking Bonds, due April 1, 1955 26,047,400.00

Reserves (In accordance with provisions of Contract): Contingent Reserve 30